

LAON AND COUCY LE CHATEAU. By Henry Davray.
BATTLESHIPS OLD AND NEW. By H. C. Ferraby.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

VOL. XLI. No. 1057.
Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7th, 1917.

Published Weekly. PRICE SEVENPENCE.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free.
Inland and Canadian, 38s. 4d. Foreign, 52s. 4d.

MAY 2 1917

UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark.)

Durable, Unshrinkable, Healthy. Comfortable to the last degree.



If any difficulty in obtaining, write to the Manufacturers for name of nearest Retailer.
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 37, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
RONUK
FOR
POLISHING
FLOORS

RONUK

THE SANITARY POLISH

It is the most THOROUGH and ECONOMICAL polish known. A little Ronuk produces a beautiful lustrous polish on Floors, Furniture, Linoleum, etc., at a minimum of expense, time, and trouble. Sold everywhere in large, medium, and small tins.

RONUK LTD., Dept. No. 10, PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON.

AVON

TYRES

—the tyres that Britons make.

Manufactured by
THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD.
19, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Works: Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon. Dépôts: Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Nottingham, Aberdeen, Swansea, Paris.

Stocks held by Garages throughout the United Kingdom.

REGD TRADE MARK

By Appointment To
H.M. The King.
LONDON-MADE
PARQUET FLOORING.
HOWARD & SONS LTD.
THE ORIGINAL PATENTEE AND MAKERS.
INDIAN TEAK, OAK, etc.
Seasoned for immediate use.
ILLUSTRATED LISTS ON APPLICATION.

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

"VASELINE"

The Every-day Need

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
PREPARATIONS

are reliable family friends of good standing, and no home medicine cupboard should be without one or more of these preparations in some form or another. For giving beautiful complexions—or healing all skin afflictions—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a "VASELINE" Preparation for all these, and much more. You should never be without these "VASELINE" Specialties:

YEI LOW.
This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.

Bottles, 3d., 6d., and 10d.

WHITE,
Highly refined.

Bottles, 6d., 10d., and 1/-

PERFUMED WHITE.

No. 1 (bottle in carton), 1/-

No. 2 size, handsome bottle

in carton, with glass

stoppers, 1/-

White and Quinine Pomade.

1/-

POMADE.

Blue Seal, 3d. and 7d. bottles.

No. 1 size, bottle, in carton, 6d.

No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, 1/-

ADVOCATE For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

If not obtainable locally, any articles of the value of 1/- and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Descriptive Booklet with complete list of the Vaseline Preparations, and containing many household hints. Post Free.

CHESBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated), 42, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Chairman

A fine —
Tobacco.

To the smoker
of appreciative palate
there is a charm in
CHAIRMAN that is
without parallel. Its fragrance
is pleasing, its flavour wholly
satisfying, and its smoking so
peculiarly cool that it never burns
the tongue, however much it
is smoked.

Chairman is economical in
smoking. One ounce at 8d.
yields a full six hours of enjoyment.

It is made in different strengths to meet the tastes of most men—"Chairman," medium; "Boardman's," mild; and "Recorder," full—and is sold at 8d. per ounce in 1 and 2-oz. lead packets, and at 2/7 per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., and 1-lb. tins, by all principal tobacconists and stores.

Also sold by principal dealers in India, Canada,
Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, South Africa,
France, Norway, Sweden and the Far East.

R. J. LEA, LTD. MANCHESTER.



A Smart "Showerproof" Coat

The JAEGER "TRENCH" COAT is admirably suited for Spring Wear. It protects against bad weather, is not heavy.

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS.

British. Estd. 1883.

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

LONDON DEPOTS:

126, Regent Street, W. I 102, Kensington High St., W. 8
456, Strand, W.C. 2 115, Victoria Street, S.W. 1
30, Sloane Street, S.W. 1 85-86, Cheapside, E.C. 2

Branches at Montreal, Canada; Melbourne and Sydney,
Australia; Wellington, New Zealand.

A JAEGER AGENT IN EVERY TOWN AND
THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge
CONSTIPATION
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists, 3/- a box.

The Stamp of the Scottish Craftsman

Is in evidence all over a Norwell Brogue, Boot or Shoe—evident in the splendid finish of the whole and in the exquisite finish given to every detail, in the sensible easy-fitting foot-shape, the fine-quality "feel" and appearance of the leather, and the neat pleasing appearance of even the stoutest models.

**Norwell's
Perth' Brogues**
MADE IN SCOTLAND.

*The footwear that keeps the stamp
of distinction to the last day of wear.*

**D. NORWELL & SON,
PERTH.**

*Specialists in good-wearing
Footwear. Estd. over 100 years.
Foreign Orders received with
attention. One sent post
free in Britain; foreign post
age extra.*

*Write NOW for New
Footwear Catalogue.*

*One of our newest productions in
Golfore Brogues. For long country
tramps over
moor and fell
there is
nothing
better.*



*Made up
to heel
and broad toe lasts.
Uppers of black calfskin
22/6*

ROCK & WATER GARDENS

THEIR MAKING AND PLANTING.
WITH CHAPTERS ON WALL AND HEATH GARDENS.

By F. H. MEYER. 6s. Net. By post 6s. 5d.

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to The Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLI.—No. 1057.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7th, 1917.

PRICE SEVENPENCE, POSTAGE EXTRA.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



LALLIE CHARLES.

H.H. PRINCESS MAUD.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES : 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece : H.H. Princess Maud</i>	341, 342
<i>Axes to Grind O ! (Leader)</i>	342
<i>Country Notes</i>	343
<i>Seamews at Apuldram</i> , by G. M. Jeudwine	343
<i>The Encounter</i> , by Dorothy Frances Gurney	344
<i>Laon and Coucy Le Château</i> , by Henry D. Davray. (Illustrated)	345
<i>Battleships : Old and New</i> , by H. C. Ferraby. (Illustrated)	348
<i>Country Home : Pitchford Hall, Shropshire.—I</i> , by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)	352
<i>Literature</i>	358
<i>Shelley in England : New Facts and Letters from the Shelley Whilton Papers (Roger Ingpen); Literary Notes.</i>	
<i>Clover Hay as Poultry Food</i> , by Will Hooley, F.Z.S.	359
<i>Saving the Kestrel</i> , by Oswald J. Wilkinson. (Illustrated)	360
<i>An Undesirable Alien</i> , by D. S. MacColl	362
<i>Enlivening Food Production</i>	362
<i>Correspondence</i>	363
<i>Animals as Food Producers (C. J. Davies); Potato Growing in Groups Instead of Ranks (H. d'C. Penruddock); Tea and Coffee Substitutes (Thomas Ratcliffe); Are there Witches To-day? Rhododendrons near Houses; Christianity in China; Dogs and Fowls; Behind the Lines in Egypt (S. A. Brown); Vanishing England (Thomas Scales Carter).</i>	
<i>Historic Furniture and Mediæval Tapestries at Edinburgh. (Illustrated)</i>	2*
<i>Insurance</i>	6*
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	8*
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i>	12*

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

* * We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed, and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

AXES TO GRIND O !

"DOWN glasses!" is the slogan with which a temporary hopes to win the war, but "Down axes!" would be a still more effective battle-cry. We are engaged in a colossal struggle for existence, and colossal is the multitude of those who regard it with a vigilant, single-hearted resolution to reap from it some personal advantage. At times one is almost cynical enough to think that the Army alone is clear of this vice. "Blessed are the pure in heart," and if that refers, as well it may, to purity of motive the benison falls with healing on the man in khaki. Whatever his past may have been, whatever his faults and vices, he has won and deserved absolution when he says, not, perhaps, in words but in his actions, "What matter though I die, if my country lives."

And how can men die better? The freedom for which they fight has now won adherents from furthest East to furthest West, from China and Japan to the American prairie. How different from the German "cannon fodder" who go to death because the business magnates, carrying large easily blunted axes to grind, have dreamed dreams of another frontier slice out of France, of crippling Belgium for ever, and annexing Antwerp so that the purple East may be

exploited by a German line from it to Hamburg, of crippling British trade and seizing British Colonies. All to be done for the glory of Germany and the extension of business!

To destroy that vision quickly and effectually the British civilian is called upon to adopt the soldier's ideal and think more of the national welfare and less of personal advantage. No one in touch with public life will dispute the need of drastic change. Let it begin with the House of Commons. When the politicians, eminent and otherwise, think less of the limelight, less of their personal ambitions, party shibboleths and class interests, and consider solely what the country requires at the moment; when they are honest with themselves and, putting away cant, really try to cleanse their minds of every insidious form of self-seeking, so that they attain at least an approximate purity of motive, they will gain in usefulness and respect, and onlookers will no longer say, "If the soldiers and sailors win the war, it will be in spite of the politicians." And the journalists to whom they have surrendered their leadership, while at the same time trying to make the Press more akin to the official Press in enemy centres, may take the same hint.

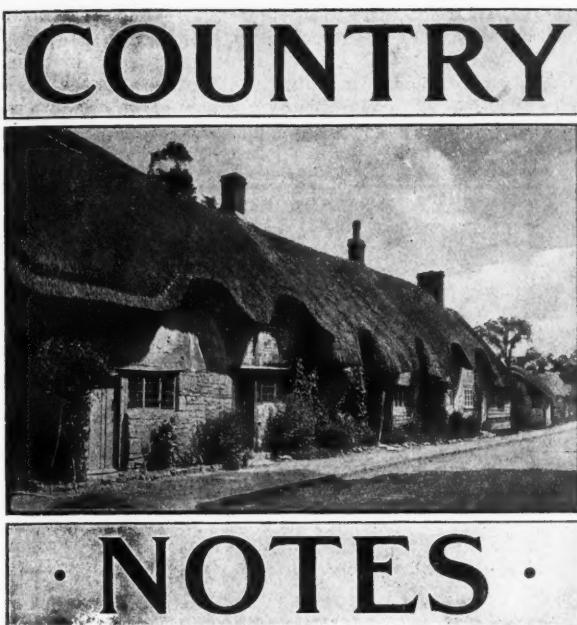
But how is it possible to stir the dead cinders of those who have regarded the needs of the country only as offering a chance to increase their gains? The Tapers and Tadpoles, the place-hunters of less disturbed times, have been succeeded by a horde of job-seekers, male and female, drawn from every class and station. Not for a moment should it be imagined that in saying this we overlook those who have given service with both hands, or the noble and generous men and women of every degree who have devoted themselves and their possessions to help the needs of the wounded, to comfort the dying and assist helpless dependents of the dead. When England ceases to produce those and their like, then, indeed, shall we despair of the Republic. But the enormous army of "soft jobbers" and the monstrous regiment of profiteers are beyond the aid of advice or exhortation. In their hearts are no embers to be fanned into a patriotic fire. Their grumbling is incessant in the middle of their profit-making. The Government have taken this and that, the railway service is restricted, the Post Office not so efficient as it was before, the military authorities have taken away their servants, they are not allowed to eat and drink as they please—who does not know their world of grievances? Who shall instil into them an apprehension that the needs of the nation are great and the stress severe?

Yet their grumbling is less injurious than is the action of those who in moments of national sorrow and in moments of joy and triumph still think of nothing but the particular axes they can grind. It were easy to particularise if the facts were not so notorious. When the war broke out every incompetent, every failure in life seemed to think it was the duty of the State to provide him with the means of making a livelihood. And the State responded with an extraordinary bountifulness. Offices, controllers, departments, branches, were manufactured at a speed that was enough almost to make one believe that half the population was going to be absorbed in official life. Choice was not restricted by any means to merit, but was made so as to exemplify the truth of the old saw that kissing goes by favour. A great many of those chosen had not even grace enough to make a profession of patriotism with their lips. They spoke as though their own little, insignificant selves were alone important in this universe. And the spirit has not at all departed. It is evinced by those who grumble at the loss of every servant, every fit man, never for one moment giving a thought to the great need of the nation. They have their own axe to grind, their own needs to serve. Let us hope and believe that at least a proportion of these will be eliminated by the dreadful but wholesome purification of war.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Her Highness Princess Maud, second daughter of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife, and sister of Princess Arthur of Connaught. Princess Maud has just celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



• NOTES •

THE Prime Minister has addressed a letter to the chairman of a County Council who had written to Sir Arthur Lee asking if he would be justified in giving up responsible work as member and chairman of important county committees in order to devote himself wholly to the work of the War Agricultural Committee. Everybody connected with the production of food will note the emphatic reply made by Mr. Lloyd George, who writes that there is no other kind of county work comparable in importance with the campaign for increased food production. The work of the Executive Committees is to some extent shrouded as yet in obscurity, and it should not be forgotten that they have a wide scope of duty. First and foremost is the necessity to increase production on the large farms. For this purpose there has been a certain amount of peaceful persuasion employed in regard to those whose land is neglected, and here and there the steel hand of compulsion has enforced the argument. In consequence, there appears to be some prospect that the acreage of land devoted to cereals will show a considerable increase over last year. In large measure this is due to the energetic use of the tractor plough, with which most of the counties are tolerably well supplied at the present moment. The worst of it is that the plough has not answered quite as satisfactorily as could be wished on the heavy land, particularly when the surface turns muddy after a sharp night frost, as it has frequently done of late. We speak of American machines; those of English make may be succeeding better, but there are not many of them. On the other hand, good accounts are to hand of the magnificent work done by the "caterpillars" in Norfolk. These machines are of 100 h.p., and are tearing up the land most royally.

OUR readers may remember that reference was made in last week's issue to the introduction of the "caterpillar" for farmwork in Norfolk. In the *Norfolk News* for Saturday last a delightful account was given of the impression this "new contraption," as the reporter calls it, is producing on the local mind. It does not make, as he points out, so beautiful a figure on the land as a plough, a ploughman and three horses—the sort of thing that artists have painted for us so often. Much more to the point is the fact that it gets through the work at a most astonishing rate. It entered on a field of fifteen acres at five o'clock in the afternoon, and had finished ploughing it before eight o'clock the next morning, thus doing roughly about an acre an hour. The agricultural caterpillar must not be confounded with the "tanks" that our soldiers have been using on the Somme. "Its works," says the writer already quoted, "are all plainly revealed. At its head comes a steering wheel, at its side progression is made on the endless chain, or caterpillar, principle." It drags two four-furrow ploughs, and where the main object is to get the ploughing done, it would be hard to beat.

THE journalist had the good sense to set down some of the remarks about this phenomenon made by the practical men who were present watching its performance. One of

them summed up the situation in these words: "We are in a devil of a hole about getting the land cultivated, and this is a wonderful contrivance for getting us out of it. But in ordinary circumstances I prefer horse-ploughing except for autumn cultivation after harvest." Another farmer argued in favour of the steam-plough as being better for breaking up the hard stubble. Others went into the question of cost, which they thought must be enormous, whereas it is very reasonable. At other times the cost would be material, but just now, when the salvation of the country depends upon an increase in the food supply, it is not of so much account.

THE other branch of food production in which very great interest is shown is the cultivation of cottage gardens and allotments. Occupants still suffer to a great degree from the difficulty of obtaining seed potatoes. The Government plan worked admirably in certain counties which are traditionally well organised, but in others where the organisation is defective the scheme seems to have been made known in some districts and villages and not made known in others. The net result, we are afraid, is that, while there may possibly be an increase in the total quantity of allotment land planted with potatoes, there are villages—and those mostly inhabited by the poorer class of labourer—where seed potatoes are unprocureable, and therefore it will not be possible to sow anything like the usual amount. It is a great pity that someone on the Board of Agriculture or connected with the various aspects of Food Control and Food Production could not take this matter up and see that even at the last moment every cottager who wishes to buy seed potatoes should have the opportunity of doing so. The Scottish supply is probably getting near exhaustion, and we believe there are political difficulties in the way of obtaining them from Ireland, but there are still enough in Lincolnshire. The difficulty is that there is no single person responsible and, consequently, it is unlikely that any practical step will be taken. Yet it is just at a point like this where the Board of Agriculture should come in to supplement and complete the work of the County Executive.

SEAMEWS AT APULDRAM.

Across the creek the herons swing
To fish the shallows near the quay;
The kingfisher, a lucent thing,
Vanishes soundlessly . . .

Seamews whirl to earth like snow and scatter out to sea.

To her a far-off gun which booms,
Recalls the lands so long defaced
With lakes of blood, and hecatombs
Of happy life laid waste—

Haggard ghosts of cherished things which cannot be replaced.

Those fields of grief she may not tread
Except when sleep, the sorcerer,
Shall guide her—wrung, yet comforted—
Into their din and blur.

Thence, when flocks are folded here and fields for harvest spread;
Seamews' cries, like anguished voices, come beseeching her.

G. M. JEUDWINE.

IN his article on Laon M. Davray echoes the detestation which has found expression in the French Senate, and is felt over the civilised world for the reckless inhumanity with which the Germans are devastating the country from which they are forced to retreat. Their proceedings can only be paralleled in the barbarian annals of the past, when it was customary for an army to put men, women and children to the sword in captured towns, and spread blight and ruin on the land across which they marched. It has been the fate of Hindenburg and the Emperor to revive in these days of refinement and civilisation the worst horrors of war as they were known in the earliest recorded history. The pretext that such destruction was made necessary by military considerations is hypocritical in the extreme. No such purpose was served. The Germans are very well aware that the British Army does not reckon on extracting food from the population through which it marches, but is a self-contained and self-supporting institution. France, proud of those once fair and thriving villages, with their graceful churches and municipal buildings, will never forget. The motion passed by the French Senate is a cold and stern verdict on what has been done, and historians of the future when they come to pass a considered judgment upon the

proceedings of Germany will not fail to chronicle that these insults and injuries were offered to a nation which had proved a gallant enemy.

NO great lapse of time has enabled the general public to understand what the dethronement of the Czar means in regard to the world warfare. The Czar was the type and emblem of absolutism, and his fall clears the way for a struggle in which the opponents are the remaining representatives of absolute government in the enfranchised part of the world. In other words, freedom is arrayed against tyranny. The latter is obviously the only correct word to describe the governments of Germany, Austria and Turkey. On our side people are governed by their own representatives. There may be a king, as there is in Britain, but in other respects our institutions might be those of a republican country. That remark would apply to Italy also, where freedom has been progressing by leaps and bounds during the last quarter of a century. If America and China come in, they will be two more republics fighting for the same cause as France. The Russian revolution sounds the knell of autocratic government. The end may not come suddenly, but events are moving as inevitably as time itself.

IT would appear that the revolution has been accomplished very rapidly and very quietly, but it is not yet complete. There are some seventy millions, more or less, of *moujiks*, or peasants, in Russia who can neither read nor write, and are in every sense of the word very ignorant. They have been taught for ages to regard the Czar as their "Little Father." They do not know what a republic is. Probably if told they were going to be governed by a republic, they would say: "Yes; and the Great White Czar will be at the head of it." Nor is it altogether enough that the Church authorities have given their allegiance to the new Government. The typical Russian peasant looks on the Czar as the head of the Church, and the authority of no priest is equal to his. Perhaps, if the extremists could meet together and agree to compromise, the best would be that a constitutional monarchy should be inaugurated to take the place of the autocracy. This would be following the example of Great Britain, and it probably could be arranged without any excessive shedding of blood. No one who understands Russia will question our assertion that there is a great deal of peril lurking in the present situation, although it is kept well out of sight. In fact, the latest news received from Petrograd, from Central Russia, from Northern Russia, and from the front is of a reassuring character. We are not writing in an alarmist spirit, but urging what might possibly prevent great complications.

WITH the four-pound loaf selling at a shilling, the highest price it reached during the Crimean War, it may be hoped that the Food Controller will look into certain abuses of which complaint is made in the rural districts. One refers to a very common practice. The village baker charges two prices. When he comes into competition with those of his own calling who come out from the market town his loaf is sold a penny cheaper than he charges those who are out of the town baker's range. In other words, he penalises the agricultural labourer, who is the principal person affected, and in this case the customer has very little choice except to agree, especially in these days when the railway fare to the town is 50 per cent. more than it was before the war. His wife or housekeeper cannot afford to make a weekly journey for the sake of the household bread, as the increase in the railway fare would swallow up the saving on her purchase. The infliction is all the greater because at the present time, when potatoes are so scarce as to be almost unobtainable, bread is in a very realistic sense the Staff of Life in the cottage.

APRL came in like a March lion and gave us weather like that attributed in popular rhyme to the Borrowed Days. This rhyme is extremely interesting, even though it does not fit the case exactly, as it must refer to the Old Style. But it has been common for a year or two back to say, as has often been said before, that the English climate is changing, and a recurrence of winter conditions between the months of March and April is looked upon in some quarters as unprecedented. The ancient rhymer attributes to the first of the days that March borrowed from April, wind and rain; to the second, snow and sleet; and to the third, a frost that "freezed the wee birds to the trees." Sir Walter Scott made many references to the Borrowed Days, and the most interesting at the moment is that referring to the weather: "The bairns' rime says, the warst blast of the Borrowing Days couldna kill the three silly poor hog-lams." It would thus

appear that the eccentricities of weather which we note to-day were familiar to our forefathers. That does not make them the less disagreeable. The prolongation of winter is certainly not conducive to any marked increase in the food supply. It is highly creditable to the energy which farmers are putting into their work that reports are coming in which show cultivation to be further forward in this highly unfavourable year than it was in 1915.

IN the northern part of England at this time of year occurs annually the let of grass parks. It is a custom for owners of fine houses to put up their grass parks to auction annually. The word park does not apply solely to the land surrounding the house, but to fields of grass wherever they may be situated. The usual way is to publish a list of the names of the fields and their acreage beforehand. We mention this because in Cumberland, near Kirkbrough, Maryport, there has been a remarkable let this year, £6 2s. an acre having been offered and taken for the grazing season, which lasts six months. It would be reckoned a high rent in any part of the world, especially when it is given for purely commercial reasons. The value of a grass park depends entirely on the amount of beef it is capable of producing through being grazed. But the interest of this transaction is that the high value of this particular park arises from the fact that the late owner was an out and out believer in the virtues of basic slag and improved the pasture immensely by a liberal use of it, thus giving one more proof that a judicious employment of artificials is remunerative.

THE ENCOUNTER.

As Satan was a-walking
Upon the earth one day,
He chanced to see in Nazareth
Child Jesus at His play.

"I will give thee six lovely boys
Thy playmates for to be
And a fine store of cates and toys
If Thou wilt worship me."

Child Jesus looked upon him
Full fair and royally—
"All these things are Mine by right;
Do thou worship Me!"

"And give Me back the souls beguiled
Thou hast in prison kept."
Then fled the fiend before the Child
And Jesus wept.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

APPARENTLY the Germans are carrying out their strategic movement to the rear with even more than their usual thoroughness. The latest information, as we go to press, is that they have evacuated St. Quentin, a very important success for the Allies. Before the war St. Quentin had a population of fifty-five thousand and, as it is an important railway centre and road junction, its military value is unquestionable. It has had a stirring military history. In the war of 1870 it was the scene of a great battle between General von Goeben and the army of the north under General Faidherbe. The Germans had occupied the town early in the war, entering it on the afternoon of August 28th, 1914. The citizens offered no resistance, but a little knot of British soldiers who found themselves trapped in the town, with mad zeal opposed the advancing troops. One young soldier kept firing effectively at the enemy until the Germans brought up a machine gun and literally blew his body into fragments.

THE rupture between China and Germany must fall upon the Kaiser as a Nemesis. It was against China that he exhorted his brother to use the mailed fist in a passage of oratory that has been oft quoted since then. During the campaign in China which followed, the German soldiers evinced more than a tendency to act as they have done in France and Belgium, and the end of it was that Germany filched from China a corner of territory to which she had no claim or title whatever. This colony she took a pride in strengthening and fortifying till it became a joy to the bureaucratic German soul and a constant menace to the Far East. To the Chinese it must have looked like a hand of doom ever stretched towards them with menace. They have nothing but hate for Germany and the German Emperor. Were they to side actively with the Allies every Chinaman would rejoice in his heart.

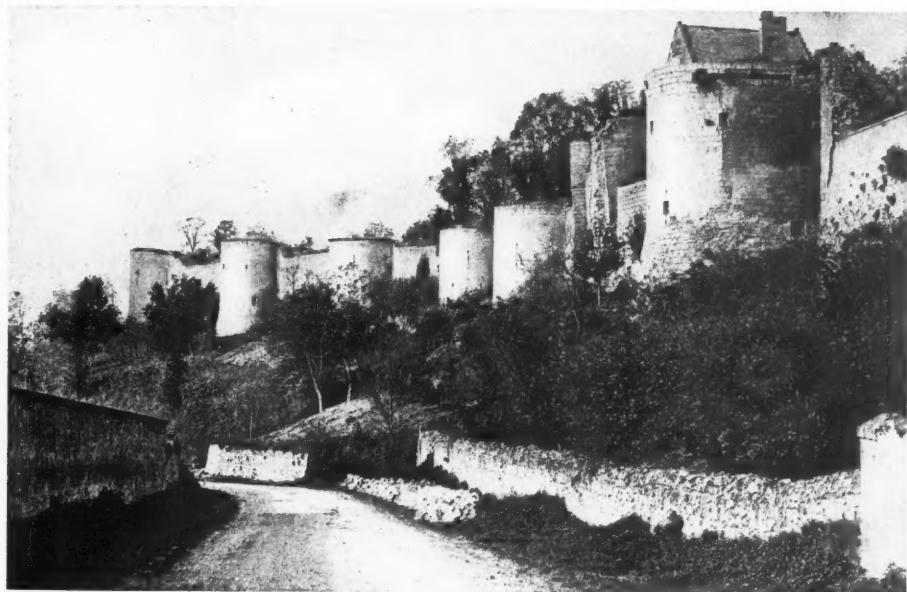
LAON AND COUCY LE CHATEAU

LAON has never become a large town, but it has always been a place of strength. In 1913 it had a little less than fifteen thousand inhabitants, but in Gaulish times it was already that Bibrax which Julius Caesar took in the year 57 B.C., and where no doubt the Romans established themselves and maintained the authority of Rome among the conquered. Many curious Gallo-Romanic antiquities have been collected in the neighbourhood and are now in the museum. Up to the fifth century the collection was known under the name of Laudunum. During the Merovingian, the Capetian and, in fact, in all periods of French history, Laon has played an important rôle. Its geographical position caused it to be frequently besieged. Situated on the road from Paris and from the valley of the Seine to the middle valley of the Meuse, it is built on an isolated mount quaintly carved out in the form of a promontory which can be seen from a great distance. This mount forms a kind of V, of which the point is turned towards the north-west. To the north-east the Cathedral rises, and to the south the Abbey of St. Vincent. From a height of 330ft. above the valley of the Ardennes it dominates a view which extends far in all directions, and there is not within a large radius a better post of observation. Moreover, the steep flanks of the hill made the entry easily defensible against the weapons of former times, though twice it has known the humiliation of capitulation to German forces; in 1814 and again on September 9th, 1870—a date that many older inhabitants carry in their hearts to-day. In this fortified vantage point the early kings of France made their residence. Here, too, the church founded a bishopric about 500 A.D., which was steadily maintained until the Revolution.

Laon was a place that all armies fought for with bitterness. The English, during the Hundred Years' War, later the Burgundians and Charles the Bold, in the wars of the Reformation, the invaders of 1814, of 1815 and of 1870—all have regarded the town of Laon as one of their great strategic points. It was taken, ravaged, pillaged, burned a great number of times after long and difficult sieges. The garrison easily opposed a



COUCY LE CHATEAU.
Destroyed by the Germans.



THE RAMPARTS.



COUCY LE CHATEAU: THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

resistance, which often enough beat the besiegers. For example, when Henry IV reconquered his kingdom from the Duke of Mayenne and the Ligue, the town of Laon held him at bay for a long time in 1594. He took it less by force of arms than by a diplomacy suggested to him by his astuteness and cunning. In 1814, during that immortal campaign of France, when more than ever the resources of his genius were displayed, Napoleon tried to drive out Blücher and the Prussians. For several days he redoubled his efforts and finally abandoned the place. These details, which could easily be multiplied, prove the strategic importance of Laon. Apart from its geographical position, which gives it military value, it has been the meeting and crossing point of the means of communication and transport which existed at all these epochs. The great highways of the district intersect at the foot of the mount, and when the railways were built in the nineteenth century the station of Laon became the junction of the lines from Paris, from Tergnier, from Guise, from Hirson, from Rheims and from Liart. The importance of possessing Laon for the Germans can easily be seen. There meet the railway lines coming from Germany by Luxembourg, Montmédy, Sedan, Mézières, Charleville and Hirson; the lines coming from Cologne and from Aix-la-Chapelle, by the valley of the Meuse, Liège, Namur and Charleroi, and from Brussels, Mons and Lille, by Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Avesnes, Hirson and Vervins. It is by these roads and railways coming down the valleys converging towards Paris and the heart of France that the German rush was made. It was in utilising our beautiful French roads, the convenient network of railways, and the canals from the north and the east that the Boches thought to reach Paris in a few weeks and paralyse all resistance and any offensive effort. "Nach Paris!" they cried, joyously, emptying the cellars of Champagne and Brie. Their career ended wretchedly on the banks of the Marne, and, pursued by the armies of Joffre and the heroic little English Army, they fell back precipitately to the banks of the Aisne.

They clung there for two and a half years, and during all that time they never were able to advance a step. Attacked, they were forced to yield ground step by step, and before the threat of the Franco-British offensive eating dangerously into their line they have been forced steadily back on the line from Arras to Soissons. They proclaim this retreat as a victory, and the Kaiser congratulated

Hindenburg. If the German people swallow these lame excuses it must be that they are even more stupid and more servile than we supposed. When an army proposes to take Paris, it is not by turning its back on it that it gains a better chance of succeeding, and the Boche soldiers and officers who have any sense of orientation must know that they are not taking the right direction for Paris and Calais by turning their backs to Bapaume, to Péronne, to Roisel, to Chaulnes, Nesle, Roye, Lassigny, Noyon, Ham, Chauny, and hundreds of villages which the English and the French have reoccupied. Perhaps it may be with a certain feeling of



A. E. Bodington.

APPROACH TO LAON CATHEDRAL.

Copyright.

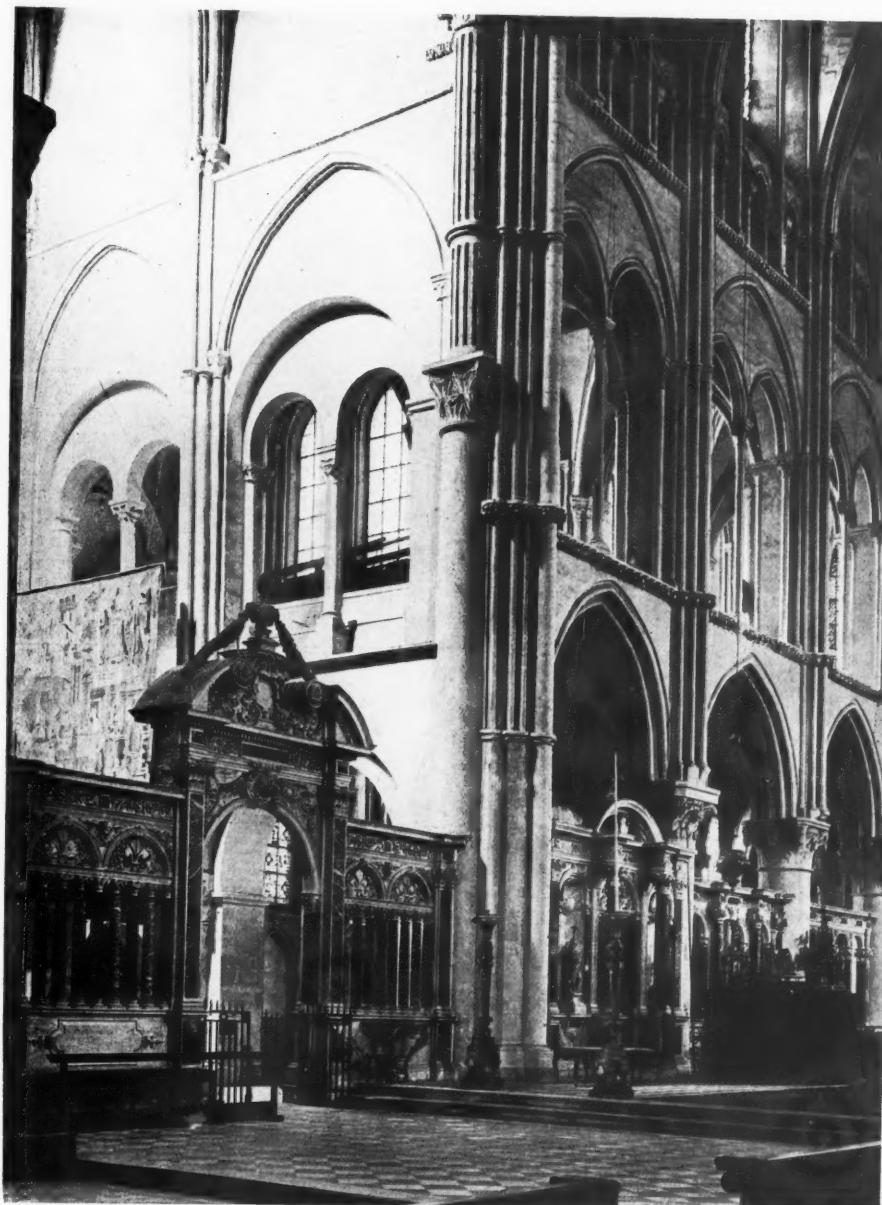
consolation that they murmur to themselves, "Nach Berlin!" But it is not without anguish that the civilised world watches the Germans taking the backward road. The diabolical destruction which they methodically organised before make people dread new outbreaks of savagery now. The sinking of passenger boats and hospital ships, the Zeppelin raids, all the crimes which they have committed have revealed the Boche as the worst of barbarians. Nothing betrays the ignominy of a race more eloquently than the means of revenge that they employ. What could mark the villainy of the Germans

better than the systematic cutting down of fruit trees in the orchards of the country which they have abandoned? What could stigmatise the Germans more than the fact that they took with them fifty young girls of from fifteen to twenty-five as servants of officers who, no doubt, had no orderlies? What depth of degradation is manifested in the destruction and pillage of the furniture of houses wherein the brutes have been lodged for more than two years? We only speak of a part of the abominations which they commit; we are silent about the acts of outrage and humiliation which have been perpetrated against the defenceless inhabitants.

We have a proverb in France which it will be as well not to forget: "Oignez vilain, il vous poindra; poignez vilain, il vous oindra." (Be kind to a bad man, he will upbraid you; be sharp on a bad man, he will do your bidding. Or, more literally: Be amiable to a scoundrel and he will punch you; punch him and he will be sweet to you.) Maeterlinck and also Maurice Barres, inspired by this proverb, propose that the Allies shall make it clear to the Boches that we shall exact reprisals for all destruction, all ravage perpetrated without military necessity. Against every devastated town, against every monument destroyed by them, a German town, a German monument, will be held in account—and there are enough of them within range of our airmen. After the bombardment of the Cloth Hall of Ypres, the Belfry of Arras, the Cathedral of Reims, and a hundred other useless outrages on buildings celebrated for their beauty and their artistic and historical interest, there is unanimous fear in civilised countries that the retiring Germans will destroy the beautiful towns of Belgium and France. They have dynamited the churches of small towns and villages which they have abandoned during the last few weeks; they have blown up the most beautiful ruin of France, the prodigious Château de Coucy, with its central tower 180ft. high and 330ft. in circumference—"the most beautiful fortress of the Middle Ages which existed in Europe," as said Viollet le Duc. If measures are not taken without delay, we may expect worse destruction still. The degenerates who treated everybody as slaves take a morbid pride in leaving behind them the memory of superhuman crimes. It is the only way in which they can prove themselves supermen. The town of Laon will not be spared by them. The old city possesses some remarkable buildings, as well as museum, art and antiquity, and it has a library rich in manuscripts. Archeologists



PART OF THE CHOIR SCREEN.

*A. E. Boding' on.*

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE RENAISSANCE CHAPEL BETWEEN THE GOTHIC PIERS.

Copyright.

and tourists recognise the interest of the Palais de Justice, the Soissons gate, the Chenizelles postern. The destruction of the cathedral will be an irreparable loss. It was built in the thirteenth century, is one of the largest and has been better restored than any other in the North of France.

animals representing the oxen which dragged from the plain to the summit of the hill the materials required for the building of this beautiful monument. The nave is 360ft. long, 65ft. broad and 80ft. high; the side aisles enclose thirty chapels. The pulpit is very beautiful, and comes



A. Keighley.

ON THE MARSHES OF THE SOMME IN PEACE TIME.

Copyright.

Two towers, each 180ft. high, rise on either side of the porch.

The west front is—after Notre Dame de Paris—the most remarkable Gothic façade for its purity of taste. It is flanked by two towers, each 170ft. high, surmounted by little two-storied belfry towers, decorated with colossal figures of

from the abbey of the Val St. Pierre. There are also some ancient stained glass, historical tombs, a chapter house, cloister and vaulted crypts.

But what is all this? Is it not merely further provocation for the devastating madness of the Boche who prides himself on making beautiful ruins?

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

BATTLESHIPS: OLD AND NEW

BY H. C. FERRABY.

THE battleship is the ultimate expression of sea power. This truth, handed down to us through all the ages, remains to-day as indisputable as it was when Nelson said: "A fleet of British ships of war are the best negotiators in Europe." Fighting power at sea is always governed by two considerations—production at a minimum of cost and use with a maximum of effect. In no other warship type have the two requirements ever been so nearly met as in the big ship that we call, generically, the "capital ship," though at different periods of our history it has been called the great ship, the ship of the line of battle, the battleship, and recently the dreadnought. The *Iron Duke* of to-day is the lineal descendant of Howard's *Ark Royal* and Nelson's *Victory*. The material is different; the mechanism is different; the inspiration is the same.

There have always been opponents of the big ship. There have always been adherents of the "naval dust"

school who contended that the latest idea in mosquito craft had rendered the battleship obsolete. It was so in the days of fireships. It was so thirty years ago when the first torpedo-boat appeared on the naval horizon and threatened to bring instant annihilation to the big ships. To-day it is the torpedo-boat that is obsolete, displaced by the craft that was designed to combat it—the torpedo-boat destroyer.

We had the same outcry about submarines. We were solemnly assured that the underwater torpedo-boat—which is all that the submarine amounts to—had nullified all the dreadnought squadrons of the world's navies. The war that has lasted nearly three years has not produced, so far, one instance of a fatal attack on a British dreadnought by an enemy submarine. The number of Allied dreadnoughts sunk by underwater attack is nil, and we have no absolutely authenticated instance of the sinking of a German dreadnought by this means. Attacks there have been, but of

their outcome we know too little to justify any assumption that the ships attacked were lost. The submarine has bulked so large in the public eye by reason of its nefarious practices and its breaches of the custom of war that it has acquired an importance that does not rightfully belong to it, and it is well that we should check untutored deductions by the test of technical facts.

The war had lasted barely three weeks when we had our first lesson in the ultimate importance of the big ship. This was in the battle of the Bight, the successive stages of which are clearly marked for anyone who took the pains to study the despatches. Beatty reports that after the destroyers and submarines had been in action about three hours he received a signal from the commodore in command of these light craft that both his divisions were in need of assistance. So the Light Cruiser Squadron was pushed forward to the support. Now, light cruisers bear to destroyers much the same relation that a motor-bus does to a two-seater runabout. They are bigger, heavier and have a greater capacity for destruction. That is to say, then, the mosquito craft, being in a tight corner, received something a little bigger to support them.

The enemy, however, was present in considerable force, and it was not long before the light cruisers in their turn were wanting assistance. Sir David Beatty then took his battle-cruisers into action. It can scarcely be necessary to emphasise the difference in fighting power between light cruisers and battle-cruisers. The effect of the entrance on the scene of the heavy ships was considerable. The lighter enemy ships were driven off, although they were so numerous; they suffered heavily from the big guns of the *Lion* and the other battle-cruisers, and the British light forces were enabled to draw off with a success to their credit.

It is important to note here that the Germans did not bring out their heavier craft to take part in the action, although, as Admiral Beatty's despatch clearly indicates, the probability of such a move was always present and would have involved serious fighting for our battle-cruisers. As things were, the side that had the heaviest ships on the spot carried off the honours of the day. This one action is typical of the whole pressure of sea power. To contain the enemy forces we employ every type of ship—from the motor-launch upwards—but each one has a type immediately above it in size and fighting power at hand to help if required. Each class relies on the one above it. Each carries on with its job in the knowledge that it is covered by the protection of something bigger until we reach the uttermost expression of force—the Battle Squadrons.

Unseen, unheard, often unthought of, they stand to-day between the Kaiser's legions and the domination of Europe, just as the far distant, storm-beaten ships of Nelson stood between Napoleon and his ambition. They have fired their guns only once in action—some of them, indeed, not at all—nevertheless it is the battleships that are winning the war. Without the twoscore dreadnaughts that form the Nasmyth hammer of the Grand Fleet all our 4,000 other warships would be driven

hither and thither on the seas like spume before the wind.

The material argument can, of course, be pushed too far. There is in every naval problem the unresolved and unsolvable, unknown *x* of the human factor. A ship carrying 15in. guns with a crew that cannot fight will most probably be beaten by a ship carrying 12in. guns and a crew that is well trained and of good spirit. It is sometimes contended that the defeat of the Spanish Armada is an argument against the big ship, since in that case the smaller ships of the English Fleet beat the heavy Spanish galleons. Superficially it would seem to be a good argument, but there were circumstances that completely alter the aspect. In the first place the ships of those days were dependent on the wind for propulsion, and the English ships sailed better than the Spanish.



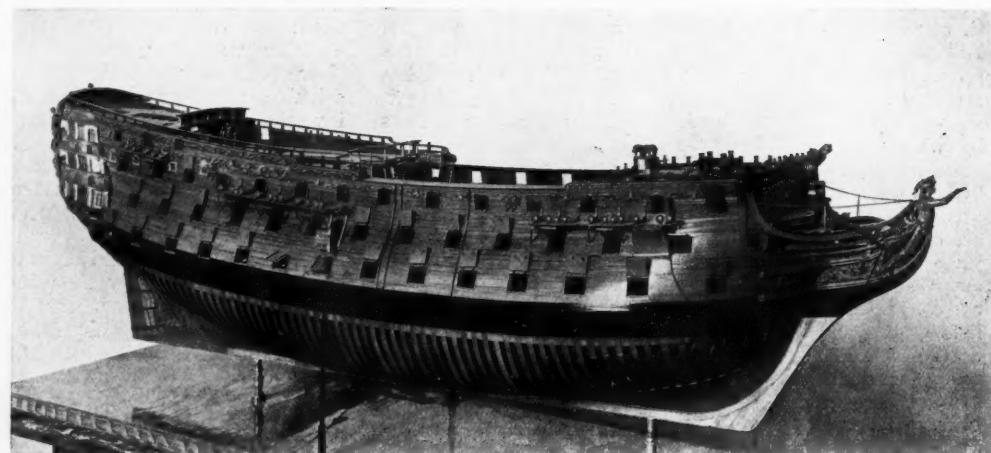
THE "LION," A NAMESAKE OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-CRUISER.

They had twice the speed; they were handier; they outmanoeuvred the Spaniards.

Again, the Duke of Medina Sidonia was utterly ignorant of sea warfare, and, indeed, before he met the squadrons of Howard, Drake and Hawkins (all practised sea fighters) he had never been in action on sea or land. His one aim throughout was to struggle through the Channel to join Parma and throw the whole responsibility on his shoulders. From beginning to end he made every blunder he could make, both professionally and psychologically. It was Medina Sidonia who broke the hearts of the Spanish crews far more than the harrying tactics of Howard and his lieutenants. These are the things that the ordinary school history books do not teach us, but they are the prime factors in the defeat of the Armada.

The tendency in naval architecture ever to increase the size of ships can easily be studied in the ship models at Greenwich. There are two models of particular interest in this connection, the *Harry* and the *Sovereign of the Seas*. Each deserves to be called the *Dreadnought* of her epoch, for each marked a definite and remarkable advance in naval architecture, just as the *Dreadnought* of 1905 marked the coming of the all-big-gun battleship of modern naval warfare.

It is sometimes supposed that the *Great Harry* and the *Harry Grâce à Dieu* are interchangeable names for the same ship. Strictly speaking, however, the former belongs to a ship of the reign of Henry VII, the latter to one of the reign of Henry VIII, and the great difference between them was that the first was of the old era, when all the guns were carried



THE "BARFLEUR," A LATE XVIII CENTURY MODEL.

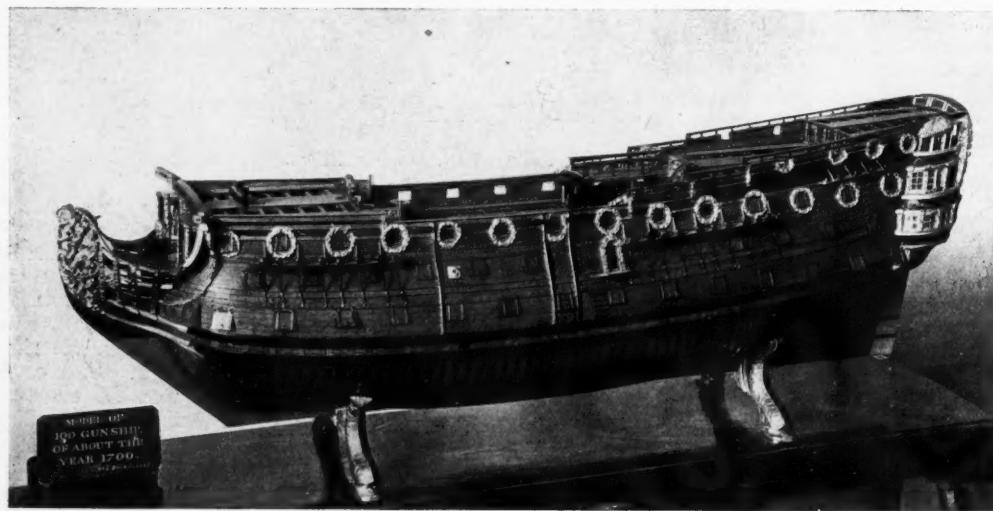
increase in gun power the main difference. The *Harry* had but one tier of guns below the upper deck, the *Sovereign* was our first three-decker. There were thirty portholes on her lower tier, or deck, thirty on the middle and twenty-six on the third, with, furthermore, twelve on the forecastle and fourteen on the half-deck, or upper deck. As has been the case throughout the history of the world, the "old school" pooh-poohed the design. When the project was first put forward in 1634 the Masters of Trinity House volunteered the opinion that she was an impossible dream, that a three-decker was a thing "beyond the wit of man to construct." One supposes that no word of that discredited conservatism had ever reached the ears of Lord Melville's Board of Admiralty when, in 1828, they solemnly and officially recorded their belief that the introduction of steamships into the Navy was calculated to strike a fatal blow at the naval supremacy of Britain!

In spite of the Masters of Trinity House, Phineas Pett was ordered by the King to prepare a model, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* was built in 1637 at a cost nearly three times as great as the original estimate of her designer. It was intended that she should carry 90 guns, but actually she mounted 102 until she was cut down to a two-decker in the time of the Commonwealth and made a 90-gun ship.

on the upper deck; the second of the new era, when the French invention of portholes had made possible the mounting of more than one tier of guns, thus increasing considerably the fighting power of the ship.

Students have pointed out that the model in the Greenwich collection differs in material aspects from the very detailed drawings of the "great ships" in Holbein's picture of the embarkation of Henry VIII for the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The point is a small one, if the matter is viewed in the broad aspect, for there can be no doubt that the model is an accurate representation of the type of ship generally built in the middle of the Tudor era, and the *Harry Grâce à Dieu* was the parent of them all.

When we come to the *Sovereign of the Seas* or *Royal Sovereign* a century and a quarter later, we find a further



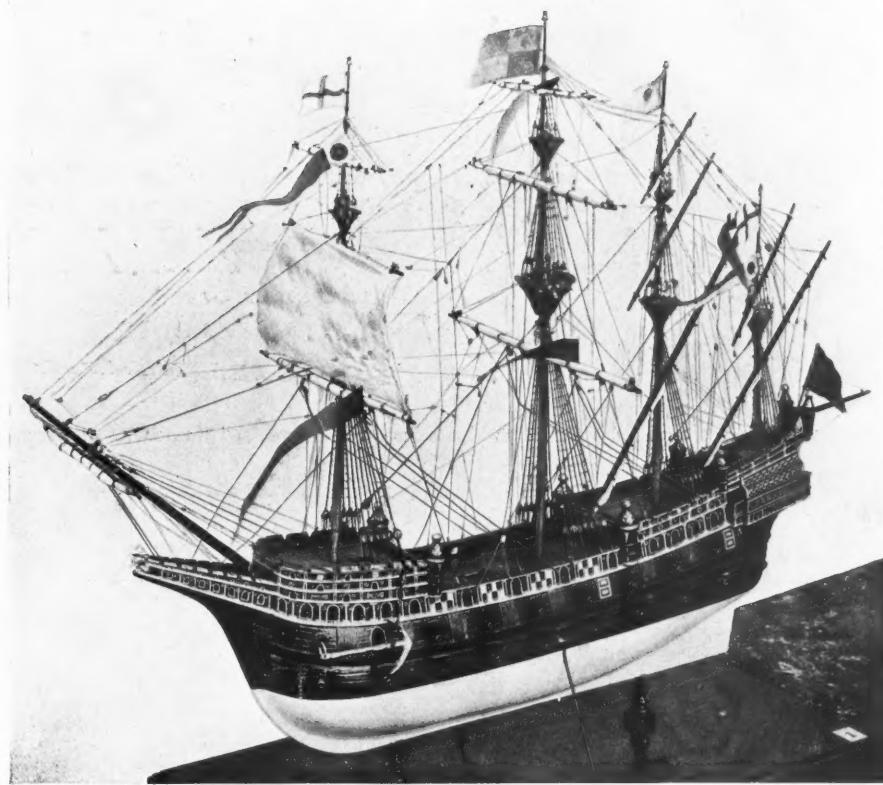
A 100 GUN SHIP OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1700.

We can trace the same tendency even more clearly in ships of the steam era, and, moreover, we find that every small type built tends to become larger and larger until it merges in the type above it, that one, in its turn, having been developed to a larger scale. Thus the small cruiser like the *Pegasus*, which was destroyed at Zanzibar, is the direct ancestor of the *Tiger*, the latest battle-cruiser building at the time war broke out.

The increase in size and capacity was confined at first to the protected cruisers. From the *Indefatigable* (built in 1891) of 3,600 tons and the *Minerva* of 5,600 tons we passed, in 1898, to the *Powerful* and *Terrible* of 14,200 tons. Then came tentatively in 1901 the first armoured cruisers, the *Cressy* class of 12,000 tons, with a 6in. armoured belt and 9.2in. guns. There followed a slight set-back in size in the earlier "County" class ships of 9,800 tons, but the rebound came in the *Drake* class (14,000 tons), the *Duke of Edinburgh* class (13,500 tons), and finally the *Minotaurs* (14,600 tons). Thence to the battle-cruisers of 1910 was but a step. And even the battle-cruiser soon merged in the battleships in the *Queen Elizabeth* class.

While this race upwards was going on the naval constructors found themselves compelled to go back to the beginning and lay down small protected cruisers again. The "Gem" class of 3,000 tons, the *Boadicea* class of 3,450 tons, the *Bristols* of 4,800 tons, and the *Chathams* of 5,400 tons rapidly followed each other, creeping gradually up the scale again. Then we appeared to drop back once more in the *Arethusa* type to 3,750 tons; but this class has been officially described as a "destroyer of destroyers" and is, therefore, more properly to be considered in connection with the growth of the destroyer from a fragile craft of 300 tons to an armoured ocean-going vessel of ten times that size.

The aim of all these progressions has been the same—the minimum of cost for the maximum of force. There are people who argue that we can build six light cruisers for the cost of one battleship, and that therefore the cruiser is the cheaper fighting unit. The argument is wholly unsound. Six light cruisers cannot tackle one battleship with any reasonable prospect of success. The frustration of the attacks by light craft on the Battle Squadrons in the battle of Jutland is one of the outstanding lessons of that engagement. The battleship has not yet found its equal in any other field of naval architecture.



"HARRY GRACE A DIEU," TYPICALLY TUDOR.



THE "ROYAL WILLIAM," LATE XVII CENTURY.



FOUR and a half centuries have passed since Pitchford was bought and sold, for thirteen generations of Ottleys were succeeded by a maternal relative of the last of the blood. But long before there was an Ottley owner there were Pitchfords of Pitchford, and if there is now no sign of their habitation, one of the giant oaks of their demesne supplied the material

of a monument that still gives us the form and features of a Pitchford knight who flourished in the thirteenth century. The church itself, which lies just north of the house, appears to date from the time of Ralph de Pitchford, who died in 1252, and it is his son, Sir John, who stretches his seven-foot length against the southern wall (Fig. 8). In his time it was probably not unusual to use oak for monumental effigies. But survivals are scarce, and that in Pitchford Church stands out among the few from its great size, excellent preservation, and the completeness of its heraldic base where the trefoiled arcading encloses seven shields which enabled Eyton, the historian of mediæval Shropshire, to recognise the mailed warrior as the son of Ralph and husband of Margaret Devereux. His crossed leg and hand on sword have earned him the name of crusader, and he may well have been in the Holy Land with Edward I when that king, as Prince of Wales, won many a fight against the Saracens in 1271. But the ascertained facts concerning the lives and deeds of the de Pitchfords are few and meagre. Their habitation may not even have been on the same site as the present one, for the little plateau that lies south of it has an artificial look, as if a natural rise had been added to for defensive occupation, although its centre has for centuries been the site of Pitchford's famous lime tree, on which stands the arboreal summerhouse that will be illustrated next week.

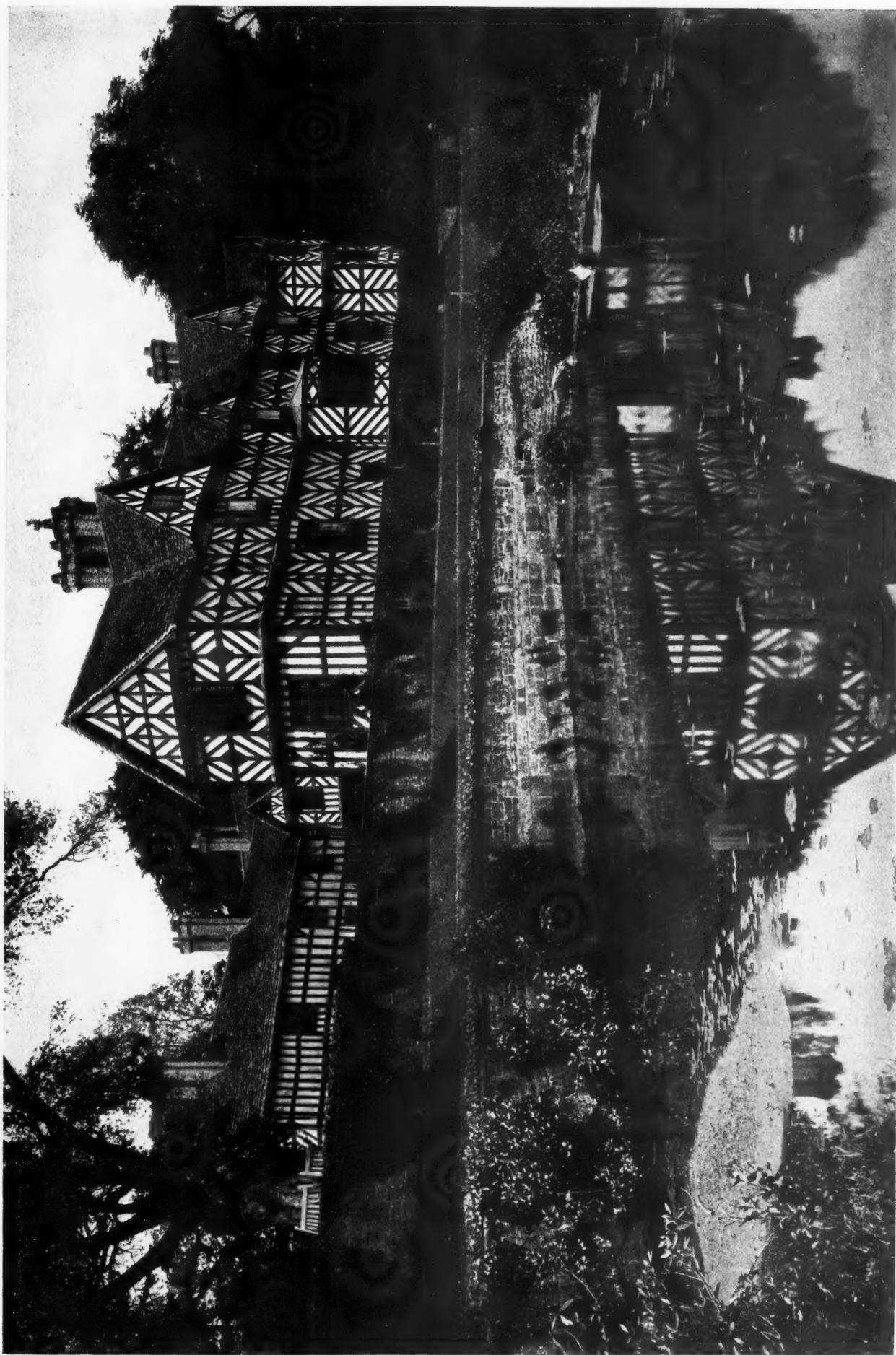
Pitchford Hall, as we know it, is the home of the Ottleys, and stands first among the surviving timber-framed houses of Shropshire. For though Park Hall, near Oswestry, is a



Copyright.

THE SOUTH PORCH, WHICH WAS THE ORIGINAL MAIN ENTRANCE.

"C.L."



2.—EAST SIDE SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine and, until recently, a well preserved example, it only dates from the times of Elizabeth, whereas Pitchford retains features of Gothic character that place it in the reign of her father, if not earlier.

While a few miles south of Shrewsbury there were Pitchfords of Pitchford, to the north of it, by Ellesmere, there were Ottleys of Otley. Both ended about the same time as the Plantagenets, for whereas Hugh Kynaston became lord of Ottley by his marriage with Elizabeth, granddaughter of Richard Ottley, the latter's younger brother, Thomas, having made a fortune in Shrewsbury, invested it in the Pitchford acres in 1473. Like many another cadet of a good house in the fifteenth century, he took to trade and was a merchant of the Staple of the Mart of Calais. At Shrewsbury "his warehouses for the purposes of his commercial transactions occupied the site of the present Talbot Inn." He was a bailiff of the town in 1439 and 1443, and in the next year, when, by leave of the House of Commons, "twelve worthi burgeys" were made aldermen to assist the bailiffs, we find him in the list. His lineage as well as his fortune enabled him to take his two wives from notable families in the county, the Scrivens of Frodsley and the Blounts of Kinlet. Frodsley is but a mile or two south of Pitchford, and he may have got to know and like that estate through his intercourse with the family of his



3.—THE NORTH PORCH, NOW THE MAIN ENTRY.

first wife, whom he married long before he changed from townsman to country squire. Indeed, he did not long live to enjoy the latter character, for he died twelve years after his purchase. Shrewsbury may to the end of his life have remained his chief home, for there is nothing to show that the present house was built by him. It is generally attributed to his son William, who was eighteen when he succeeded in the year that Bosworth Field placed the Tudors on the throne, and very likely he took to rehousing himself after his marriage with Margery Bruyn, heiress of the Haye, near Bridgnorth.

The original house (Fig. 4) was E-shaped, the side wings projecting forward over 70ft., that is, to an extent equal to the width of the main block, and therefore forming with the latter a hollow square which until recent times was the forecourt approached by a bridge over the stream which runs below the east side (Fig. 2). There is no evidence that the water ever formed an encircling moat, which would have been an engineering work of some difficulty, as the ground rises very rapidly to the south and considerably to

the south-west, where, on a level higher than the house, was placed the timber framed farmery quadrangle, which remains without great alteration. The new-born love of symmetry played its part in the original plan of the house. It did not fully triumph as at Barrington, Sutton, and a few other



Copyright.

4.—THE SOUTH OR OLD ENTRANCE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

5.—THE DINING-ROOM.

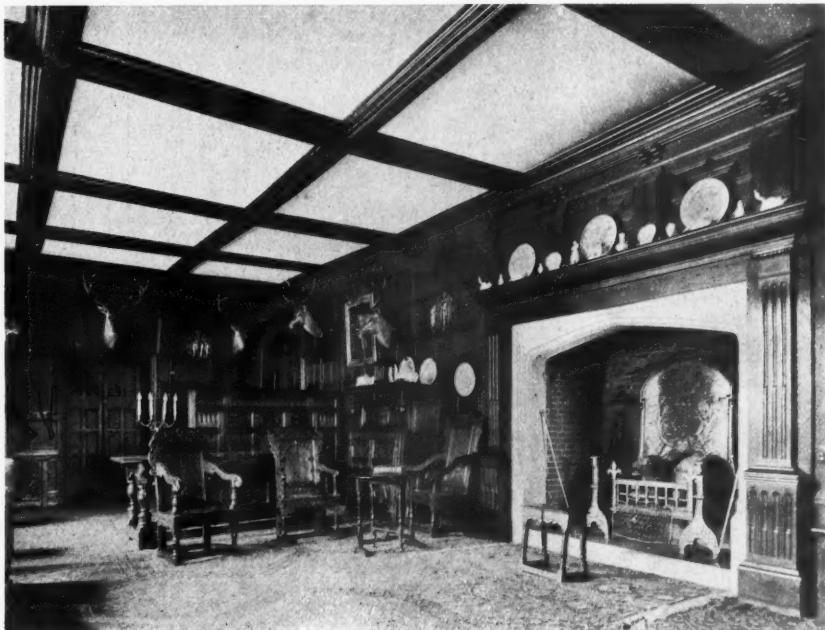
"COUNTRY LIFE"

houses of Henry VIII date, but its influence was strong. The main block has its central and side gables. The wings stretch out to equal length, and, though not repetitive, have a general likeness in form, that to the west, intended for offices, being rather humbler in size and detail. It may, anyhow as regards its foundations if not its superstructure, represent a rather older building, as it is not, like the east wing, at right angles to the main block, but inclines inwards a few degrees. Among other periodic alterations and renovations, the original fenestration was at one time altered into sashing and then again renewed as mullioned and transomed casements. Thus the feature which would best have aided us in assigning the original date has entirely disappeared. But there are details about the timber framing which quite bear out the tradition that the builder was William Ottley who was Sheriff of Shropshire in 1500 and lived to within a week or two of the fall of Wolsey. With the great Cardinal much traditional taste and custom passed away, and the Renaissance of both art and learning obtained greater hold. In the domain of architecture it first seized upon detail and ornament, but in the Pitchford of William Ottley they are still Gothic. The tie beams of the upper floor of porch and end gables (Fig. 1) are incised with

the quatrefoil, and those of the gables carved with running vine ornament fully in the Gothic spirit. Had the original window-work remained it would assuredly have shown some tracery such as at the Porch House, Potterne, and a good many timber-framed dwellings dating from the Tudor Henries and still standing or only recently removed in East Anglia. More than that we cannot say of Pitchford, for much of the detail and all the interior belong to Jacobean times or are imitative work of a recent period.

The charm of old-world picturesqueness still belongs to Pitchford in a very marked degree, but we must not go to it for precise information as to the character of domestic architecture and decoration during the first half of Henry VIII's reign, for alteration has been persistent and of early written record there is none. Four out of the five Ottleys

who held the manor during the sixteenth century are commemorated by incised slabs, which originally formed part of the chancel floors. But in 1819 repairs and alterations "liberally defrayed by the Honble. C. Jenkinson," the then owner, included "Floor new laid. Alabaster stones relating to the Ottley Family placed upright." They may be seen (Fig. 10) against the chancel wall. William Ottley is in Early Tudor armour. By his side is his wife

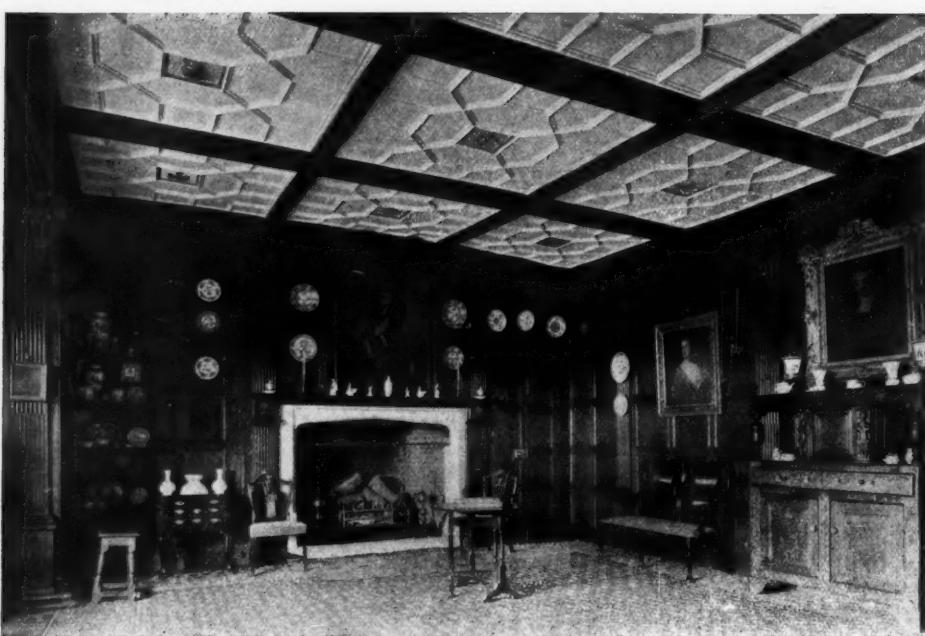


Copyright

6.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

[April 7th, 1917.]



Copyright.

7.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who brought the Haye estate into the family. Beneath his feet are eight sons, and beneath hers twelve daughters. There was no danger of a failure of Ottleys in those days. His son Thomas, who only survived him five years, is the chief figure of a second slab, while the third depicts Thomas's grandson, Adam, whose armour is Elizabethan, and whose slab was drawn and graven by John Tarbook, Beudley, carver, anno 1587. This is nine years after Adam's death, and his son Richard, thinking it well to kill two birds with one stone, had his own slab made at the same date by the same man, although he lived to see James I on the throne. In his time an inventory of the family jewellery was made that is still preserved. The total value is £329 19s. 5d., the chief pieces being a rose jewel, and a "paire of Claspes" set with eighty-four diamonds and valued at £120.

Perhaps to him, but more likely to his son Thomas, we owe the decoration of the drawing-room (Fig. 7). The wainscoting reaches to the ceiling, the panels being surmounted by a frieze and divided into sections by fluted pilasters. A pair of these flank the stone fire arch (Fig. 8), with a leaf emerging from a grotesque head in each spandrel. Above it a pedimented frame contains a portrait of Prince Rupert, who played a part in the Civil Wars before Thomas Ottley died; for, though the pedigree makes an end of him in 1622, we know that he did not make his will till 1642, and it was not proved till 1647. His more distinguished son, Sir Francis, therefore, did not have a long reign at Pitchford, since he died in 1649, and it is to Shrewsbury that most of the surviving letters to him are addressed. They refer to his active share in the Civil War and date from 1641 to 1646. The early ones are to be delivered to him "at his house the Colledge in Shrewsbury." St. Chad was a collegiate church, and the domestic buildings of its former dean and secular canons still formed a quadrangle adjoining the south-west end of the old church in the middle of the eighteenth century. But when such colleges were suppressed under Edward VI, that of St. Chad was granted to Hugh Edwards, a cadet of a Shropshire family who had come up to London and



Copyright.

9.—WOODEN EFFIGY OF SIR JOHN DE PITCHFORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

become a wealthy mercer. His descendants long made the College their home, and his granddaughter was wife to Francis Ottley. This accounts for our finding him residing there when, in 1642, the king "from our Court at Nottingham," where his standard had been unfurled, commissioned his "trusty and welbeloved ffancis Ottley" to "impress, raise, enroll, and retaine one Companie of two hundred ffoote," and take them to Shrewsbury, "there to remaine as a guard for the better Securing the said Towne." Though there was a strong Parliamentary party in the town, it was thus secured for Charles, and much work of fortification was undertaken to withstand attack from Middleton and Mytton, who were the leading Salopians on the other side. Later in the year Charles comes himself to Shrewsbury, dubs Ottley a Knight and makes him governor of the town.

Although the portrait of Prince Rupert holds so honoured a place at Pitchford, he seems to have been no friend to Sir Francis, for he comes to Shrewsbury in 1644 and favours the party that seek to displace him from the governorship, which he ceases to hold soon after, and is appointed Sheriff of the county by the Oxford parliament, while Mytton is the nominee of Westminster. Mytton proves the stronger man, and, assisted by his partisans in the town, takes Shrewsbury by surprise in February, 1645, losing only two men and taking prisoner the then governor, "Eight Baronets and Knights, Forty Colonels, Majors, Captains and others of Quality." The royalist Sheriff is not among them, but was soon after captured as he sat at Apley Park with other Commissioners of Array. By July, however, he is again at large and actively raising men for the royal service. As heirs of the Bruyns of the Haye the Ottleys had much influence in Bridgnorth, and this town was the scene of Sir Francis' last appearance in arms. It was held till April, 1646, and then surrendered on terms. Sir Francis has liberty to pass to the Haye or to Pitchford

and to remain under the protection of Parliament for two months, during which he can either make composition or join the royalists still in arms or gone abroad. A pass is given to him addressed to all parliamentary officers in these terms :

These are straightly to Charge & require you not to Offer Violence to the Person of Sr Francis Ottley, his Lady, their children or Servants, or to plunder or take away any of their Goods or cattle without Special Warrent under our Hands to that purpose. As also to pass from this Garrison to Pitchford with their Horses Arms & Necessaries without your Molestation.

This is one of the very few direct references to be found connecting Sir Francis with Pitchford. The editor of the letters, which have been printed by the Shropshire Archaeological Society, adds :

Henceforth he lived in retirement, and from some family letters appears to have been exclusively engaged in completing with much difficulty his heavy composition with the authorities of Goldsmiths' Hall, spending part of his time in London and the rest in Shropshire.

Lady Ottley remained at Pitchford looking after home matters and local interests, while he and his son Richard were at Gray's Inn getting the best terms they could from the victors. Thence, in January, 1647, Richard writes home to his mother :

My father, I prayse God, is in good health, and through God's mercie we have got an Order (for his Living at home & stopping of ye sale of his p'sonall estate, it being compounded) from Goldsmiths' Hall.

The fine, at first amounting to £2,130, was ultimately reduced to £1,200 and the sequestration finally cancelled in March, 1648. In the following year Sir Francis died and Richard succeeded him at the age of twenty-three. He, no doubt, is the boy in the group now over the fireplace in the dining-room at Pitchford (Fig. 5) depicting Sir Francis and Lady Ottley with two of their children. On succeeding he subscribed to the engagement "to be true and faithfull to the Commonwealth of England as it is now



Copyright. 10.—THE CHURCH, LOOKING EAST. "C.L."

established without a King or House of Lords." But it was with joy in his heart that he received the news at Pitchford in May, 1660, that Charles II had been proclaimed king in London. He at once set out to meet Charles and his brother after their landing on the shores of England. Thus, on May 29th he writes to his mother :

I met th'm at Canterbury, and had the happin'se to be of the Life guards since Fryday last; wherein my content ove: ballanced the payaes I underwent.

In June he was knighted, and, as a deputy-lieutenant, was soon busy re-establishing the old régime in Shropshire. In 1663 he was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. He also sat in the House of Commons until his early death in 1770. His portrait is that one let into the dining room panelling to the right of the chimneypiece, while his grandfather, not seen in the illustration, occupies the same position on the left. Beyond Sir Richard is his brother Sir Adam, a Master in Chancery, who was knighted in 1680, while his son Thomas appears on the extreme right of the illustration. All these single portraits were evidently painted as a set and at the same time, probably by order of the last-named Thomas after his father's death in 1670, so that his great-grandfather, the elder Thomas, is depicted like the others in post-Restoration wig, cravat and breastplate, although, as we saw, he died within the period of the Civil Wars. This set was found by the late Colonel Cotes in a lumber room at the time he was renovating Pitchford, and so was used to give an Ottley character to the dining-room which he refitted and wainscoted. A good deal was done at the same time in the hall (Fig. 6), although most of the wainscoting is original, and the ceiling beams show mouldings that indicate the period of William Ottley. The original arrangement was to enter the house through the south porch into the "Screens." Through them to the right was the hall, curiously small for its age, for, it does not seem to have been more than 30ft. long, including

the screened-off passage of some 8ft. in width. At the east end was a parlour, now thrown into the hall, and a staircase and other rooms occupying the east wing (Fig. 2) were reached through a lobby occupying the ground floor of the little gable east of the south porch (Fig. 1). Left of the "Screens," where the present dining-room has been accommodated, was the space which sixteenth century planning gave to pantry, butler and passage to kitchen, but all that portion has been remodelled and additional offices built which greatly extend the north side. Here, again, the Henry VIII designer had paid homage to the principle of symmetry. In the centre was a porch (Fig. 3) closely resembling that on the south side before the top of the latter was altered to accommodate the clock. A door at the further end of the screen passage opened into it, but to what use the space between the house and the church was originally put is not evident. A court of office was usual in such a situation, but at Pitchford all necessary accommodation of the kind appears to have been located towards the west. On the east side of the north porch rises a massive chimney stack ending in three shapely shafts. Beyond there are small gabled projections, breaking the main line of roof, which continued in order to make the north side equal in length to that on the south, but without wings. Of the east side (Fig. 2), the most striking feature is the massive central chimney stack which divides into a triplicate of pairs of shafts with arched hollows between them. It is in its original condition lichenized and weather stained—one of the most picturesque bits of brickwork that the county possesses. The east wing stands high above the stream, and the space between, as well as the stream itself, assumed varying form and feature with changing taste. Ancient simplicity gave way to a formal lay out and canalisation, and these were superseded by the advocates of the landscape school. But of Pitchford under the later Ottleys something more must be said next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Shelley in England: New Facts and Letters from the Shelley-Whitton Papers, by Roger Ingpen. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited.)

M R. INGPEN'S new work on Shelley is a co-ordination of new facts by the closest living student of the Life and Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. In it he refrains altogether from criticism or appreciation. He is the chronicler pure and simple. Much of the new material comes from Mr. Charles Withall of Messrs. Withall and Withall, the successors to Mr. William Whitton, legal adviser of Sir Bysshe and Sir Timothy Shelley. There is nothing in it to change or even perceptibly modify our conception of the poet's life and character, but much that adds detail to the picture. Shelley was an unexpected outcome of Sussex Squiredom, and in character, as in gift, greatly resembled his illustrious successor, Algernon Charles Swinburne, if due allowance be made for the difference between Northumbrian and Sussex traditions. Each broke loose from the conventions of his day and did what he chose to do with complete disregard of what was expected of him. Both were students, one had almost said bookworms, both revolutionaries, both endowed with instinctive love of verbal music. And yet they were related in temperament to the peasant bard of Scotland. Browning made no haphazard coupling when he wrote :

Burns, Shelley are with us, they look from their graves.

It might be argued that this was not so. One sang "the loves, the ways of simple swains," the other "Divine Philosophy." But that was partly due to training and environment. The education of Burns was of that plain and natural kind which came to one whose mind was fed on Scottish song and story, the annals of a Scotch village, keen observation of the elders of the kirk, Tam o' Shanter of the alehouse, ranting vagabonds at Tousie Nancy's Store. Shelley's receptive intellect was put through the experience then thought to supply the education most appropriate for one who was expected in due course to assume a position in the county and, mayhap, enter Parliament. At the Eton of his day Dr. Keate was Head-master, and he was not the man to spare the rod to a budding poet more than he did to any other pupil. The Ayrshire peasant in the folk-lore of his native land found better literature than was supplied by the

Minerva Press, of which a man named Lane was the owner. In a passage cited by Mr. Ingpen from the "Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers," it is said that

Lane made a large fortune by the immense quantity of trashy novels which he sent forth from his Minerva Press. I perfectly remember the splendid carriage in which he used to ride, and his footmen with their cockades and gold-headed canes.

If Lane had lived in our day he would probably have been made a duke or at least an earl on account of his monetary success, but our great-grandparents did not bow such an obsequious knee to Mammon as is bent to-day. It was Lane's Minerva Press that supplied Shelley with mental pabulum during boyhood—a very curious thing to remember by those best qualified to appreciate the loveliness and charm of his muse. But his was a growing mind, and the food that suited his childhood soon enough became distasteful. Another peculiarity of his youth was the assiduous cultivation of chemistry. He was as much engrossed in this as he ever had been in sensational literature, and "his hands, his clothes, his books, and his furniture were stained and corroded by mineral acids." These would not generally be accepted as the outward and visible signs of an inward poetic temperament, but his love of water—his worship of it—was more in character. How delightful it is to view him in imagination,

gazing in silence on the water, repeating verses aloud or engaged in earnest discussion. Sometimes he would hurl a big stone into the water, exult at the splash, and quietly watch the decreasing agitation until the last faint ring had disappeared on the surface.

These are the words of Hogg. To them his biographer adds with a reference to Shelley's delight in skimming slaty stones along the surface of a pond, laughing with glee at their bounds from the water. It was later that he acquired a passion for sailing paper boats. He would make some remote imitation of a boat by screwing up a scrap of paper and, placing it in the water, would watch its fortunes. The shallop produced great joy if, a suitable wind filling its tiny sails, it reached the other side of the water. Hogg complained with acerbity that the budding poet would not abandon his favourite sport while "any timber remained in the dock-yard." The following illustration is given of his passionate love for this amusement :

It was a bitterly cold Sunday afternoon early in the New Year, the sun had set, and it threatened to snow. The poet, with swollen hands, blue with

cold, was "creating a paper navy to be launched simultaneously," when Hogg said: "'Shelley, there is no use in talking to you; you are the Demi-urgus of Plato!' He instantly caught up the whole flotilla, and bounding homewards with mighty strides, laughed aloud—laughed like a giant, as he used to say." As long as any paper remained available to Shelley, when he was engaged in this pursuit, he would continue to convert it into paper boats. After consuming any waste paper he might have with him, he would use the covers of letters, then the letters themselves, even the communications of valued correspondents would share the same fate.

There we do with realistic touches obtain a view of the poet pictured by Wordsworth, of him who

murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

We see the poet in the making again in his long afternoon rambles, even in the natural sleep that followed, when he commonly lay stretched on the rug before a large fire like a cat, with his little round head exposed to a fierce heat; and again there is a picture which vividly reminds us of Swinburne of his usual awakening from this slumber when

he would suddenly start up, and rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy that was often quite painful.

It is in perfect harmony with this that he should have listened so attentively to the noise of the wind and been content for hours to watch the white-edged clouds march in slow procession across the sky. These habits of his youth are traceable in many an exquisite line of verse, for indeed he was a standing proof that love of Nature must be a central part of every truly poetical mind. It comes out most perfectly in the highest, in Homer and Shakespeare and Chaucer and Milton. In Burns, love of Nature was absorbed in love of Human Nature, and to the peasant poet the hardships of his outdoor life formed a barrier to many of the joys of Shelley. To him the mountains were bleak, barren, and inhospitable. He never mentions those that his cottage windows faced. Clouds were but precursors of storm. We feel that, and still know that there is an affinity that almost escapes definition between Burns and Shelley.

It may seem to the superficial glance a slight thing to confine a review of this very interesting and important book to this delicate contrast and comparison, but the boyhood of any poet is ever the most interesting part of his life, and it would require greater space and time than our readers are likely to spare were we to carry them through all that is important in a large book where nothing is trivial. Mr. Ingpen's latest biography of Shelley must ever rank as one of the best.

LITERARY NOTES

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S book on his son Raymond has lain on my table for a long time, during which I have watched its reception with surprise, and a feeling that it has been the subject of much insincere comment. I think there is more sincerity in a few lines which I propose to extract from a private letter. The "idle, irresponsible reviewer" is apt to take, when he can, the easy way out without any scrupulous regard for right or wrong, and hence the frequency of divergence between public criticism and private opinion. An embarrassing situation was created by the book. Sir Oliver has won for himself a great reputation in science, and his son Raymond, judging by his letters, was a young Englishman for whom one could feel nothing but high admiration. Brave, thoughtful, devoted, kind, he takes his place among the splendid youth who have fallen victims to the war. To know such a boy must have been to love him. That feeling made it difficult to be critical of his father. Yet truth will out. It is not for me, it is not for anyone to say that communication between the quick and the dead never has taken place and never can, but the so-called messages from the beyond portray a second existence so vulgar and commonplace as to make the whole story incredible and only to be explained as a delusion born of long determination to believe anything about an existence beyond the tomb.

Instead of entering upon an argument, I will only quote from the letter. One of its merits is that the writer sympathises with the idea that "the holy spirit of man" is deathless. It is part of her religious creed. On the other hand, she could not if she would surrender her reason and intelligence and drink blindly of any flagon held out to her. A perusal of the extract will show better than any words of mine that, although every point is made with a precision sharpened by humour, the letter was not "composed" but consists of thoughts jotted down for the eye of a private friend. Here it is:

"Have you read Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Raymond'? 'Storn'ary book. Supposed to prove immortality, isn't it, tho' such an undignified immortality that Imogen feels she would rather sleep on for ever 'with her feet towards the morn.' Of course as I have not finished the book yet perhaps I ought not to be so decisive in my conclusions. But it is undignified—the immortality portrayed. That bit, quite gravely given, about the cigar. How some man (just dead) in the beyond asked for one and they managed to manufacture a semblance of one for him. 'But when he began to smoke he didn't think so much of it; he had four altogether, and now he doesn't look at one.'

"A bad cigar on earth is ghastly enough, but in heaven!—now really, really! says Imogen.

"You may be interested also to know that it's from the smell of decaying things on earth that they are able to make the same things there.

"And that part about the soul doctors seems awfully repulsive to me—the I cannot explain why. How they go round helping the souls out of their bodies at death (ugh!) and what a lot of trouble cremation causes them. (Why?) I cannot help being interested in some aspects of Spiritualism, but I do not approve of it, says Imogen, primly. There was a time when automatic writing came under my notice a good deal. I was living in the same house as a girl who was in love with a certain man—she went absolutely to pieces. He was a parson. With an extraordinary attraction for women. That's not very clearly expressed. I mean *they* were attracted. I used sometimes to think I was the only woman in the place who wasn't. His church used to be simply crammed. People came miles to hear him preach. And his sermons were certainly things of beauty, but they were not a joy for ever for I promptly forgot every word. He was the queerest mixture of spirituality, conceit and earthiness. And he was certainly 'coarse in the fibre.' People, who met him socially found that out after a while. I don't think any man in all my life has ever shocked me as much as he did—as far as speech goes. All the same he was a most amusing dinner companion and very witty.

"I haven't time to finish this edifying history."

Although the story is left unfinished in a manner characteristic of the writer, the sketch of the clergyman is bitten in with an incision to delight those who recognise a master hand when they see it.

P.

CLOVER HAY AS POULTRY FOOD

IN these difficult times most poultry keepers are seeking for some economical methods of feeding—often with disastrous results from an egg-producing point of view, as the cheaper so-called "foods" have lacked really nutritive matter. One of the foods least affected by war conditions is clover hay—a most valuable food in capable hands. It is fairly common knowledge that a fowl cannot digest long pieces of grass or long pieces of the stalk of hay—a cow may do so, for she has teeth and a special stomach for dealing with this class of food, but the fowl has not these advantages. This explains why clover hay is sold in the form of meal, which is ground clover hay, or in the form of "short cut clover hay," these being cut to one-eighth of an inch lengths, and if a few pieces are longer it is of no moment if the general average length is between the eighth and one-quarter inch standards.

Clover hay meal looks very dusty and is sometimes condemned on that account, although the dust is chiefly the very finely "mealed clover." When a hundredweight of clover meal or short cut clover arrives one is at once struck by its bulk, and bulk is essential to the fowl's digestion. In colour, clover meal is usually a dark brown with a green tinge or an inclination to bits of green among it. Short cut clover is generally a much warmer brown, and apparently contains more of the clover head.

The egg owes its commercial value to the nitrogen or protein matter it contains. Clover is a food containing 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. nitrogenous matter, according to the conditions under which it is grown. As an ordinary 2oz. egg contains about 100 grains of nitrogenous matter, 10lb. of clover would supply material for a good number of eggs. One must not infer from this that the whole of the nitrogen in clover would be converted into eggs, but simply that clover is a suitable food for egg production.

To give an example of using clover, the following figures are quoted. The figures may be incorrect in price by the time these lines appear, but they would even then prove the economy of using clover, though the higher prices of other foodstuffs may prevail.

		£ s. d.
1cwt. of clover	0 13 0
1cwt. of bran	0 14 6
1cwt. of pollard	0 16 0
1cwt. "	0 16 0
1cwt. of meat meal or fish meal	1 0 0
		<hr/>
		£3 19 6

Ratio 1 to 3 approximately.

This total, divided by five, gives the average of, broadly, 16s. per cwt., which, approximately, is 1½d. per lb.

The fowl also needs grain, but not so much as some people deem necessary, nor is necessary in times of stress and short supplies. May we consider that 2d. per lb. will cover the cost of the grain allowance, whether wheat, maize or oats, and then see how much per fowl per week of these foods will be required. I know from practical experience that the grain can be reduced below the amount now stated. It is perhaps better to steer a middle course and say that it may be advantageously reduced to 1½oz. per day per bird of 4lb. to 5lb. weight. The soft food required, whether wet or dry mash, will weigh fully 2½oz. in a dry condition. When given as a wet mash the 2½oz. will make

3oz. to 3½oz., according to the length of time the bran and clover are allowed to swell after adding the hot water.

2½oz. of meals for making mash	= 1lb. per week.				
1½oz. of grain	= 1lb.	"			
			d.		
2½oz. of mixed meals	= 1lb. per week	1½
1½oz. of wheat or other grain (2d. per lb.)	= 1lb. per week	1½
				3½	

The cost per week is therefore 3½d. per bird per week. The season is now at hand when very moderate layers produce three eggs per week—a good many produce four and five. The really new-laid egg is not likely to average less than 2d. each the year round, so that with the help of some clover fowls may still pay their way. The more thoughtful may say, How does that apply on a year's work, reckoning one unproductive season over which the bird will be kept as well as the productive in which she is earning?

	£ s. d.
Cost of food, 52 weeks at 3½d.	0 14 0½
11 dozen eggs	,, 2s. 1 2 0
	= 7s. 11½d. gross profit.

This article is not written with the idea of showing profits so much as to encourage those who are rather pessimistic and lack confidence, and to show them that there is still a margin, and not to give their fowls up as many, unfortunately, are doing.

Patriotism should not mean profiteering, and even at a little personal loss the stocks of the country should be kept up.

If the birds have a few swede turnips to peck at they will eat rather less mash. Swede turnips at 4s. per cwt. or 4s. 6d. per cwt. will economise a little of the mash at 16s. per cwt. Any poultry keeper possessed of a small clover cutter can economise to the extent of 4s. per cwt. to 5s. per cwt. by cutting his own.

THE ANALYSIS OF CLOVER HAY.

AVERAGE ANALYSIS.

Water.	Ash	Fibre.	Protein or Nitrogenous.	Carbo-hydrates.	Fat.
9.7	8.3	25.6	12.8	40.7	2.9

Clover hay or alfalfa, frequently sold separately or mixed with clover and equally as good, gives the poultry keeper the opportunity of bringing the advantages of the meadow to the fowl. The "something" that seems lacking in the dietary of intensively or suburban-kept poultry is very possibly contained in the clover. Apart from all this, its use assists the moving forward of the contents of the intestines, so that the food is duly brought in contact with the absorbent villi of those organs. One word of caution is necessary—a quick change on to clover is too drastic in its action and might easily check egg production for a time; for this reason only one-third the amount advised should be given during the first week, afterwards gradually increase until the full ration is arrived at. The albuminoid ratio of the suggested ration would be within the margins of 1 to 4 and 1 to 4½. These are really quite suitable. WILL HOOLEY.

SAVING THE KESTREL

BY OSWALD J. WILKINSON.

THE time appears to have arrived when attention may usefully be directed towards the economy of wild creatures and the whole question of bird life reviewed from a national standpoint. There can be but little doubt that this subject has in the past been much neglected, with the result that certain creatures, of the greatest value to agriculture, have been sadly reduced in number, while others, owing to their adaptability and exceptional fecundity, have, in the absence of their hereditary

foes, increased to a most alarming extent. This is doubtless attributable to a disturbance of the normal state of equilibrium in nature, brought about, to a very large extent, by the reckless and indiscriminate destruction of the raptorial species. Gamekeepers, one regrets to say, have been the principal offenders in this respect, but a new situation has arisen which relegates their calling, for the time being, to the list of non-essential occupations and renders their services available for other work of national importance.

One constantly reads in the Press of allegations made against rooks, sparrows, woodpigeons, mice and rats, and of action taken by individuals and agricultural committees with a view to countering certain real and imaginary evils. It is not improbable that these evils are in very many cases only half truths, and the remedial measures adopted may, if recklessly pursued, react to our ultimate disadvantage. The real truth is, I believe, that certain species are more numerous than is wholesome and require judicious thinning, *not* extermination as many people would have us believe. One can only justify interference by man with nature at this juncture on the ground that the removal of the governing factor in bird life has been attended by unfortunate results which call for adjustment and special treatment. Such interference should be directed by responsible individuals who fully understand the *pros* and *cons* of a very difficult and complex problem, otherwise a state of almost hopeless chaos may result. Providing such thinning is judiciously and carefully carried out, there can be but little doubt that it will prove to be beneficial to agriculture. The most suitable persons for the task should be gamekeepers acting under special instructions, and in the opinion of the writer these men should be exempted from military service for the work. At the same time it is quite futile to hope for lasting benefits from such thinning unless, and until, the raptorial species are permitted to increase their numbers and to operate in conjunction, without fear of persecution.

That the scarcity of hawks and owls is mainly responsible for the increased numbers of sparrows, woodpigeons, rooks, mice and rats there can be but little doubt, for the families falconidae and strigidae were unquestionably created by a bountiful Providence for some useful purpose. Man having taken upon himself the onus of determining which creatures are superfluous and harmful, and having seen his mistake, may now direct his attention to the means by which a restoration can best be effected. Gamekeeping being in abeyance, and no game reared, it may be permissible to suggest a suspension of the death sentence on the predatory species, for no useful purpose is served by destroying these creatures, especially when no game is reared. The collaboration of landowners and gamekeepers is absolutely essential to success and must be sought, for it is imperative that all should work together in harmony. It is the present that matters most;



THE KESTREL'S EYRIE.



A FEAST OF WOODPIGEON.

the future can safely be left to itself when such questions come up for reconsideration. In this way one may plead most earnestly for the enrolment in the ranks of our national defenders of hawks and owls, creatures whose value is inestimable. In particular do I plead for that exquisite little hawk, the kestrel, or windhover, a devoted and faithful ally of the farmer, yet not the least persecuted of the raptures.

This diminutive falcon should hold a prominent place in the affection and esteem of every right thinking person, because of its ceaseless and tireless pursuit of mice, moles, and certain noxious insects, such as the click beetle—parent of the wireworm. The annual loss to agriculture through the depredations of these creatures must be enormous, and

to persecute their enemies is worse than senseless. One sincerely hopes and trusts that this appeal will meet with an active and generous response by all those that have the interests and welfare of their country at heart, and that the kestrel, together with the raptures as a whole, will receive that real protection which is their absolute right.

In conclusion, one can only regret that it should be necessary to undertake special pleading in a country where a Board of Agriculture exists and the provisions of a Wild Birds' Protection Act are operative. It is, to say the least of it, a tragic and mournful testimony to the apathy of those who profess to govern us and to administer the products of their own departments.



ALL SATISFIED BUT ONE.

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN

When Raleigh added to his cloak
 A province for the feet of Bess,
 He shipped the subtle plant of smoke
 And philosophic peacefulness,
 And one that never troubled Plato,
 Or Aristotle, the Potato.

The Apple, from an early date,
 Has been a dangerous vegetable ;
 It lost our parents their estate,
 And won a name in classic fable,
 Gods, Trojans, Greeks, ten years at grapple,
 And all about a golden apple.

Turnip and Swede have played a part
 In laying the Oppressor low ;
 Brave roots, that blossomed in the art
 Of Reynolds and of Gainsborough,
 And rendered an agrarian nation,
 Impregnable by their rotation.

Tomatoes, it is understood,
 Are dear to people who object,
 Inflame the conscience of the good,
 Make arrogant the intellect,
 And therefore suffer an embargo,
 With otherwise superfluous cargo.

But the Potato has a soul
 Beyond them all for politics ;
 It puts the ruler in a hole,
 It leaves the fighter in a fix,
 It raised, in famine and congestion,
 The unanswerable Irish Question.

Potato tanum potuit . . .
 Religion ? It is soured and spoiled ;
 And there's a queasiness in wit,
 Fed on potatoes badly boiled ;
 Nightshade's domesticated daughter
 Is deadly still with starch and water.

The Kaiser's method seldom fails
 With Socialists the most excited,
 But all the spirit of him quails,
 When the Potato's chilled or blighted ;
 He pockets then his bloody fist,
 Protesting he's a Pacifist.

In ducal halls sat Devonport,
 And held debate with Prothero ;
 Our drink and victuals were his sport,
 Reduced to a scant ratio ;
 But when he touched potato prices,
 He took to bed to pass the crisis.

And only the War Cabinet
 Could ravel out the tangled skein ;
 They had not previously met ;
 But the Potato, in her pain,
 Called for the Premier ; it was urgent
 To soothe that sensitive insurgent.

And last, the sacred suburb Lawn,
 Its close prerogative must yield,
 And waft us, in the summer dawn,
 The scent of a Potato field,
 With sounds, not of a garden roller,
 But echoes of the Food Controller.

O incubus of our cuisine,
 So-called, drudge of the dinner-plate,
 When superman and submarine,
 Have taught us what to cultivate,
 England will vow your extirpation,
 And Ireland learn to be a Nation.

D. S. MACCOLL.

ENLIVENING FOOD PRODUCTION

THE EXAMPLE OF NORFOLK (*Continued from page 293*)

THE Norfolk Committee has been successful in overcoming the indifference which was manifested all over the country at the beginning of the war and in stimulating all sorts of people to new exertion. Frequent reference is made in the reports of the Executive to the efficient organisation and excellent work done by women. Appended to the report for July of last year are secretaries' reports of the Norfolk Women's War Agricultural Committee, which give a good idea of what has been done. In South, Mid and North-West Norfolk, of which the organising secretary is Mrs. Parish, there are 351 villages, and representatives of the Committee have been found in all except 22. In Mid Norfolk 1,077 women registered themselves for service, in South Norfolk 1,071, in North-West Norfolk 846, making a total of 2,944 in all. Of these, 2,805 were actually placed on the land, the greater proportion being part-time workers. In addition over 1,500 unregistered women in North-West Norfolk were engaged in fruit-picking, and numbers of other women who object to being registered have been working on the land. In the district of North, East and South-West Norfolk, of which Miss F. Burton is the organising secretary, 2,861 women were registered and there were working at the time when the report was issued 2,578. This takes no account of some 500 fruit-pickers who worked on their own account. It is worthy of remark that whereas in some counties farmers did not take at all kindly to women labour, in Norfolk they have been glad of it. A few years before the war Sir Rider Haggard in one of his agricultural articles noted the fact that it had become very rare to see a woman working on the land. All through East Anglia the practice was discontinued and kept up only in the far northern counties of England and in Scotland. All the

more credit, then, to the women who, after having been in a sense divorced from the land, have now taken up the work of the men and are doing it excellently.

Another matter which interested the writer very much was that a paper of questions was at an early date sent to the district committees seeking for information about the change of conditions the war had brought about. The replies from sixteen of the committees were subsequently summarised, and they give a most useful and instructive account of the way in which many urgent questions are viewed by the practical agriculturists on the spot. There is, for example, the enquiry as to game and rabbit damage. The effect of the enquiries is to show that in Norfolk the loss from this cause is not so great as might be inferred from the exaggerated accounts that have been published.

Twelve committees report that no damage was done Thetford and Swaffham complain of damage; Downham says there was very little damage from game; but damage from rabbits is a subject of general complaint. Pheasants were reared last year in very few cases, but a list of those is given as a hint, it may be presumed, that the practice should be discontinued in 1917. In regard to the damage done by rats and sparrows, there is practical unanimity. The general idea is that clubs should be formed, but the feeling is growing that clubs will not be sufficient to deal with the nuisance unless they are armed with compulsory powers by the Board of Agriculture. If a single farmer refuses to get rid of his rats, the work of all the others is rendered futile, because the little pests emigrate from his place.

Farmers completely agree as to the shortage and inefficiency of farm labour, and that this shortage extends to steam cultivators, threshing machines, blacksmiths, wheelwrights

and implement repairers. Yet the majority of the committees do not consider that the area of land cultivated has so far been seriously diminished by the shortage of labour, although it is clear that production has suffered. Eight farms and six parishes are specially named as being so depleted in labour as to result in an inability to carry on, though the general view is that the farmers carry on, but with smaller production. Very few farms are reported to be vacant, which seems to show that there is something in the general belief that farmers have been making no end of money in these times. A considerable difference of opinion exists as to the amount of land which is not being put to the most profitable use. In regard to this farmers appear to differ.

In regard to fertilisers and feeding stuffs, the general complaint relates to the delay in delivery and the excessive prices. Artificials can be obtained, but with these drawbacks. Yet it is the general opinion that artificial manures could be more extensively used with advantage. The district committees report favourably as to the supply of women labour, with the exception of Erpingham, where the reason given for the failure is the number of troops in

the district. In some districts "there appears to be more unwillingness on the part of women than prejudice against this form of labour on the part of farmers." But six districts mention the unwillingness of women. A considerable number of suggestions are made with a view to increasing the number of women labourers.

Of dairies, the report is that they have been generally reduced rather than given up, though in three districts they have been brought to a standstill. These are the main topics summarised as representing the opinions of the district committees on the questions submitted to them.

It should be mentioned that the Committee has been in no wise blind to the necessity of increasing production in the gardens and allotments of the cottagers. On the contrary, adequate preparations have been made for encouraging the cultivators who were at home and in getting the work done for those who have been serving their country or have suffered for it. It will be seen, therefore, that very little has been missed which makes for greater agricultural productivity in the county of Norfolk.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANIMALS AS FOOD PRODUCERS.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have only to-day seen a table of chicken growths in your issue of February 3rd, and think that perhaps the enclosed may interest you, as I have been for years, and am still, collecting data on this subject for the different breeds of rabbits.

Age in Weeks.	Weights.		Blue Beveren. lb. oz.
	Havana. lb. oz.	Silver Grey. lb. oz.	
0 ..	1 1½
1 ..	—	..	—
2 ..	—	..	—
3 ..	14 14
4 ..	1 5	1 4½
5 ..	1 8½	1 4½ ..
6 ..	1 12	1 9 ..
7 ..	2 2	1 14½ ..
8 ..	2 5½	2 2 ..
9 ..	2 9½	2 7 ..
10 ..	2 11	2 12½ ..
11 ..	3 1½	2 15½ ..
12 ..	3 3½	3 4½ ..
13 ..	3 6½	3 7½ ..
14 ..	3 7	4 1 ..
15 ..	3 13	3 15 ..
16 ..	3 15	4 1½ ..
17 ..	3 15	4 4 ..
18 ..	4 4	4 7 ..

The above weights represent the proper rate of growth for a good type of medium-sized table rabbit which will yield approximately a 2½lb. to 3½lb. dressed carcass at four and a half months old. During the growing period a medium-sized rabbit will consume approximately 5lb. of concentrated food divided roughly into: 8oz. between three and six weeks old; 2lb. between six and twelve weeks old; 2½lb. between twelve and eighteen weeks old, when it should be fat enough to kill. In addition it will in summer probably consume an amount of grass and mixed greenstuff which will work out to an average amount of nearly 1lb. per day.—C. J. DAVIES.

[We are glad to publish these interesting figures, and hope that if any other of our readers have useful information of the same kind to impart they will do so.—ED.]

POTATO GROWING IN GROUPS INSTEAD OF RANKS.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As so much interest is being taken in the production of potatoes at the present moment, it may be worth while to give a few details of the planting of them in groups or "hills," according to an American method. The soil, after being well prepared, should be marked out for setting with a line, but the seed potatoes, instead of being put in rows, are set in groups of three, about 2ft. apart down one line, and in alternating positions at the same distance apart down the next line, repeating this until the patch is filled. Then the potatoes are earthed over, the soil being hoed up from the side into heaps or small mounds about the same height, or a little higher, as that of an ordinary potato trench. When the green leaves of the potatoes show at the point of the hill they must be well earthed up again and, save for weeding between the hills, may be left until the usual time for digging. The digging comes far easier than that of the trench method; a light fork put in carefully under the hill is sufficient to turn it over, and the contents are easily dislodged from the soil. This would be lighter work for women than that of ordinary deeper digging. Another advantage of this plan is that in a dry season there is more moisture for the potatoes under these hills (N.B.—A mole hill is always a little moist underneath even in the driest summer), and in wet weather the drainage is better, as the water can run away more quickly from

these little hills and the ground does not get so sodden. This plan of growing potatoes was followed by us in Wiltshire soil of good heavy loam with excellent results for a number of years. The garden and field crop gave splendid results, both in size and quality; and of the many kinds and varieties of seed used, all did well under this system of planting. Later on, in the lighter, drier soil of South Hants the same plan was followed and gave very good crops indeed, the yield per acre being as large as the ordinary crop, but the size, as a rule, proving much better. This is a convenient method, too, as regards weeding; the haulms can be kept free of weeds; they are not liable to get so choked up, as they are often seen to be in the close rank, and the hills can be hoed between much more easily.—H. A.C. PENRUDDOCKE.

TEA AND COFFEE SUBSTITUTES.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the face of proposed and probable restrictions of the supplies of our chief national non-alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee, it may be as well to mention English substitutes which have been tried by country people in some parts years ago. In one part of Derbyshire about sixty years ago dandelion roots were dug and dried in the sun, and afterwards cut into small pieces and roasted in an oven until brown and brittle. When quite cold these were ground in the hand coffee mill, which was an ornament on all cottage mantelpieces, and the grains used as a substitute for coffee, a drink by no means bad and considered to be medicinal as well, and liked by some better than the real article. Another substitute was roasted acorns treated in the same way, but the "brew" was too "wersh," or harsh, to be liked generally. A fair substitute for tea were the first buds from quick-set hedges very carefully dried on plates set on the hob or in a slack oven, and from these an infusion was made closely like tea, full of tannin and too astringent for some, but still a fair substitute if a verbena or balm leaf was added while "mashing." I have drunk and relished both of the substitutes for coffee and tea, and it is probable that with more scientific treatment both might be made acceptable for general use. I might add that the 'fifties were hard times for many persons, and coffee and tea were dearer than at the present time, and working men's wives tried many methods to "make ends meet, and tie."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

ARE THERE WITCHES TO-DAY?

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your numerous readers can tell me if they have any experience of witches and witchcraft within the last few years? In my own home, in a village in the South of England, there lived, up to a very few years ago, an old woman of gipsy parentage, who bore the reputation of being a witch. She had a very mischievous grandson who was always in trouble, but though evidence was often as strong as possible against him, he was never convicted "because a witch's people never are." She also had the power of warning the said lad of any danger, wherever he might be, by tapping her stick upon the ground. Thus, when several stacks and buildings were mysteriously set alight during the dark months of one winter, the old woman, they said, invariably contrived to warn him in time so that he was never caught. Sometimes she turned him into a black hare, we were told. Besides the usual tales of "overlooking," that are the chief attributes of a witch, this particular one also had the power of refusing to allow one who had offended her to die. An old woman who was supposed to have disagreed with the witch on some former occasion lingered for days, so we were told, before she was given permission to depart after a long illness. When the witch herself died there was a deputation from the village folk to the parson to beg him to bury her black crooked stick with her, as her powers were supposed to have been transmitted by means of the stick from mother to daughter for generations back. This witch was a very real terror to the village folk, who firmly believed in her powers of evil, and this was in an up-to-date village whose folk, on other matters, were the least superstitious people imaginable.—T.

RHODODENDRONS NEAR HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are people who affirm that it is better not to plant masses of rhododendrons near houses because these shrubs have some sort of an unwholesome influence. In support of this theory, it is stated that rhododendrons are, generally speaking, avoided by caterpillars and insect life; that such birds as build in evergreens rarely choose rhododendrons for their nesting sites; and that the honey made from the flowers is, to some extent, poisonous. Can you tell me how much, if any, truth is contained in these statements?—G. B.

[We do not know whether rhododendrons have an unwholesome influence on bird and insect life; perhaps someone will enlighten us on this point. The reference to the poisonous properties of the honey made from the flowers of rhododendrons recalls to mind the oft-quoted lines from Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," which are singularly appropriate, since so much prominence has been given to Trebizond:

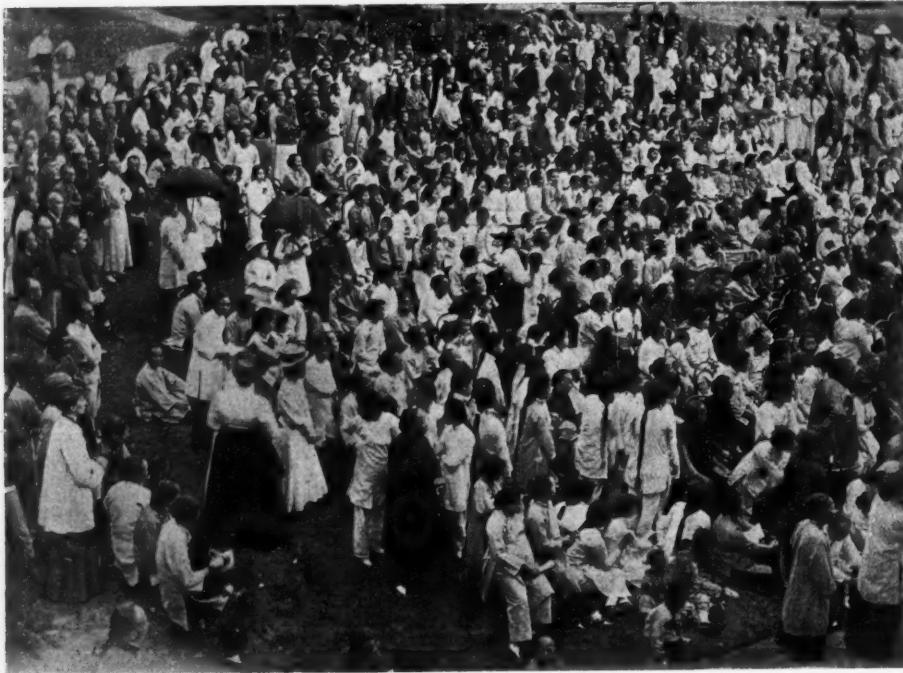
" . . . those bees of Trebizond,
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the garden round,
Draw venoms forth that drive men mad!"

The lines refer to the alleged poisonous property of the honey made from *Azalea pontica* (not to be confounded with *Rhododendron ponticum*, but synonymous with *R. flavum*). Xenophon relates how that his soldiers became stupefied and delirious as if intoxicated after eating the poisonous honey. It is easy to picture the ancient fort of Trebizond on the Black Sea, seated at the foot of a very steep hill and in the midst of woods and gardens—a quiet enough place in times of peace—where rhododendrons and azaleas form the leading vegetation. Bees are unmistakably very fond of the nectar of rhododendron flowers, and on bright, sunny days, when the rhododendrons are out, there is a perpetual hum of bees on the wing, but we have never heard of any ill effects from partaking of the honey made from rhododendrons in this country. One very singular thing about rhododendrons is that until quite recently they have been regarded as immune from attack by hares and rabbits. We have often heard gamekeepers refer to the common *Rhododendron ponticum* as the only covert shrub that is free from attack by hares. Sir Herbert Maxwell has, however, made the unwelcome discovery that the beautiful *Rhododendron præcox* does not share the immunity from attacks which distinguish other members of this genus. He records that a dozen plants of this lovely hybrid put out in his woods in the south-west of Scotland in the autumn of 1915, were eaten bare in no time, although the winter was exceedingly mild, hares very scarce and rabbits not very numerous.—ED.]

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of Chinese at Shanghai listening to a Christian missionary, while in the Western world the great struggle between Christendom and Kultur progresses. The front rows are filled with women, the children from the mission school sit behind, and



THE HEATHEN CHINEE LISTENING TO THE DOCTRINE OF PEACE.

backmost of all are the men and a sprinkling of Europeans. There is something very wonderful in the earnestness in which these Orientals with an ancient and wonderful philosophy of their own listen to the Christian doctrines which the German Kulturists disown.—J. D.

DOGS AND FOWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been very interested in reading the various suggestions offered by your correspondents for curing dogs of sheep running. I should be very grateful if they would now kindly advise a cure for a poodle that kills young

fowls and ducks. Thrashing, tying up and decking his neck with the peppered corpses of his victims have so far proved no deterrent. As the dog is a favourite one, I am very anxious to cure him of this vice if possible.—THE WORRIED OWNER.

BEHIND THE LINES IN EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph I took of an Arab ploughing behind the lines in Egypt. It is a very primitive plough, which consists of nothing



AN ARAB PLOUGH.

more than a rough piece of wood. The man has one foot on the plough most of the time to keep it down.—S. A. BROWN.

VANISHING ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One would have thought that the noble traditions of our country would make us all have a great desire to conserve and reverence its grand old houses and furniture so intimately associated with the past. There is much, however, going on to prove the contrary. I think it was in the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Times* of July last that there was a letter from Mr. Thackray Turner, chairman of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, stating that an American had purchased all the old oak panelling and furnishings of an old house at St. Albans with a view to its removal across the water. *COUNTRY LIFE*, in its issue for November 11th last, illustrated a most superb overmantel carved by Grinling Gibbons which had been purchased by

Mr. J. A. Bennett for New York. During December last an offer was made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle Cathedral to restore to them "a quantity of ancient carved oak which previously formed part of an attractive scheme at the Wellington Hotel, Carlisle. The beautiful woodwork included the altar rails of St. Mary's Church, then part of Carlisle Cathedral, at which Sir Walter Scott was married. The Dean of Carlisle stated in his letter that there was no suitable place in the Cathedral to deposit the oak, and that as the best portion appeared to belong to St. Mary's Church, the Dean and Chapter declined the Board's offer." The question naturally arises as to how it came about that all these old ecclesiastical carvings should become part of the decorations of a hotel. In the *Yorkshire Post* of January 10th was the following statement: "The *Times* understands that a well known firm in New York has succeeded in persuading Lord Denbigh to part with the portraits by Van Dyck which have for generations adorned the hall at Newnham Paddox in Warwickshire. Two of these portraits, those of Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria, are of special interest because they were painted by order of the King and presented by him to his loyal adherent in 1639.

Another of the famous pictures represents the Duchess of Richmond (Mary Villiers) when Duchess of Lennox, full length, in blue silk, with her dwarf attendant, said to be Mr. Gibson, the well known dwarf artist; and another depicts her husband in a black costume, standing and resting his hand on the head of a greyhound." My object in writing is to, if possible, induce your readers to use their influence in the direction of trying to keep at home and *in situ* the bits of old England so capable of and successful in reviving memories of past times, and that they will support the efforts of all who are trying to save, and have a reverence, for things venerable, old and historical.—THOMAS SCALES CARTER.